THE BYSTANDER
Vol. C.—No. 1298]
OCTOBER 31, 1928
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

The BYSTANDER

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Per doz. carr. paid.

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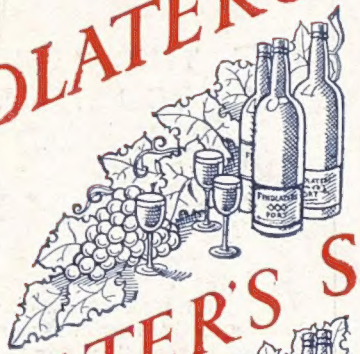

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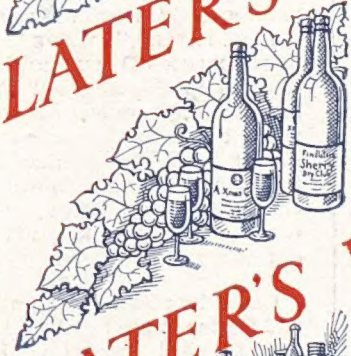

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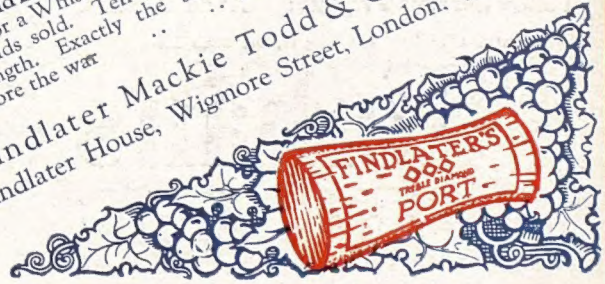
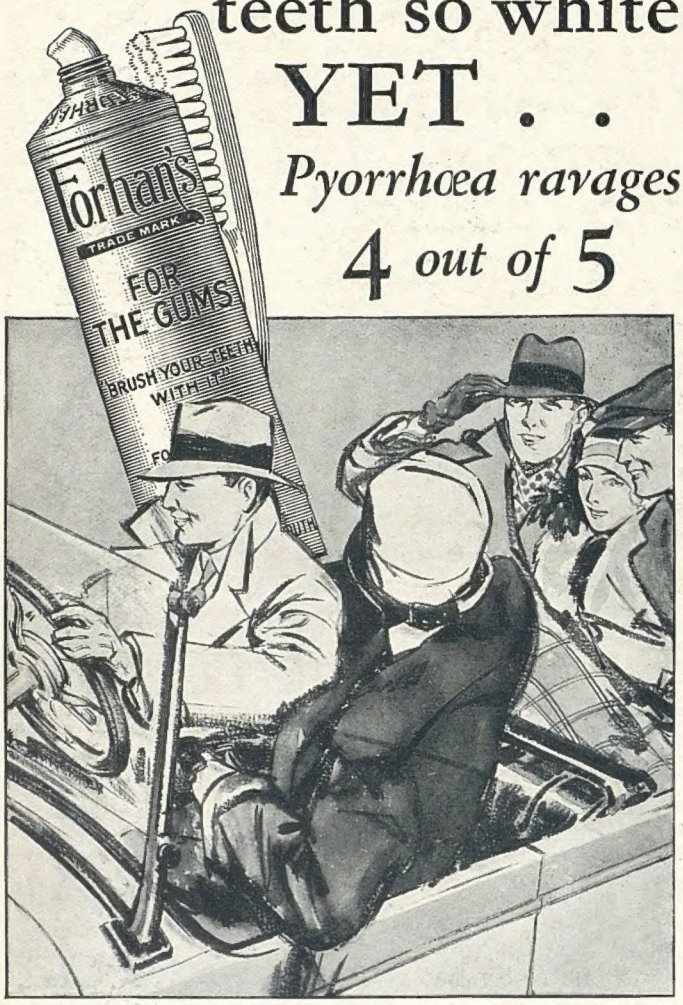


Seemingly safe with teeth so white YET . .

Pyorrhœa ravages 4 *out of* 5



Many people, while in the heyday of life, are relegated to the background — unwilling spectators who have surrendered health to Pyorrhœa.

This grim enemy attacks the unwary. Although teeth may be clean and white, gums break down. Pyorrhœa poison moves through the system, often causing stomach disorders, anæmia and neuritis. Its toll is 4 persons out of 5 over forty, and thousands younger.

It is easy to keep teeth clean and, at the same time, safeguard health against Pyorrhœa.

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See your dentist every six months and start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day.

Forhan's For the Gums is designed to keep gums firm and healthy and to thwart Pyorrhœa. If used regularly and in time, it protects precious health. It is folly to wait for flashing signals, for gums to bleed and to recede from teeth, for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Prevention is the sensible course.

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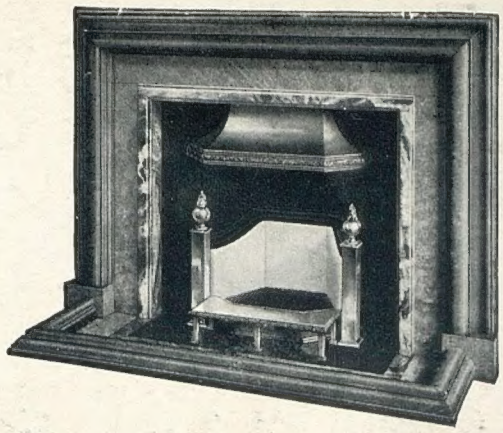
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste . . . it checks Pyorrhœa



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The Bystander, October 31, 1928 No. 1298. Vol. C

The BYSTANDER

BY BARRIBAL

"—AND THAT'S MY WEAKNESS NOW!"

NECESSARY for the STURDY

PRICELESS for the WEAK

Wolsey pure wool underwear next the skin is necessary for every man, woman, and child in Great Britain. It is the *sure* health-safeguard against the ever changing temperatures of our erratic climate. Wear Wolsey garments now and throughout the winter and you will be sure of getting the utmost in durability, comfort and health-protection.

If you prefer garments in artificial silk, ask your draper or outfitter to show you WOLSEY-Lustral Lingerie. It is a sheer delight!

Wear Wolsey and be well

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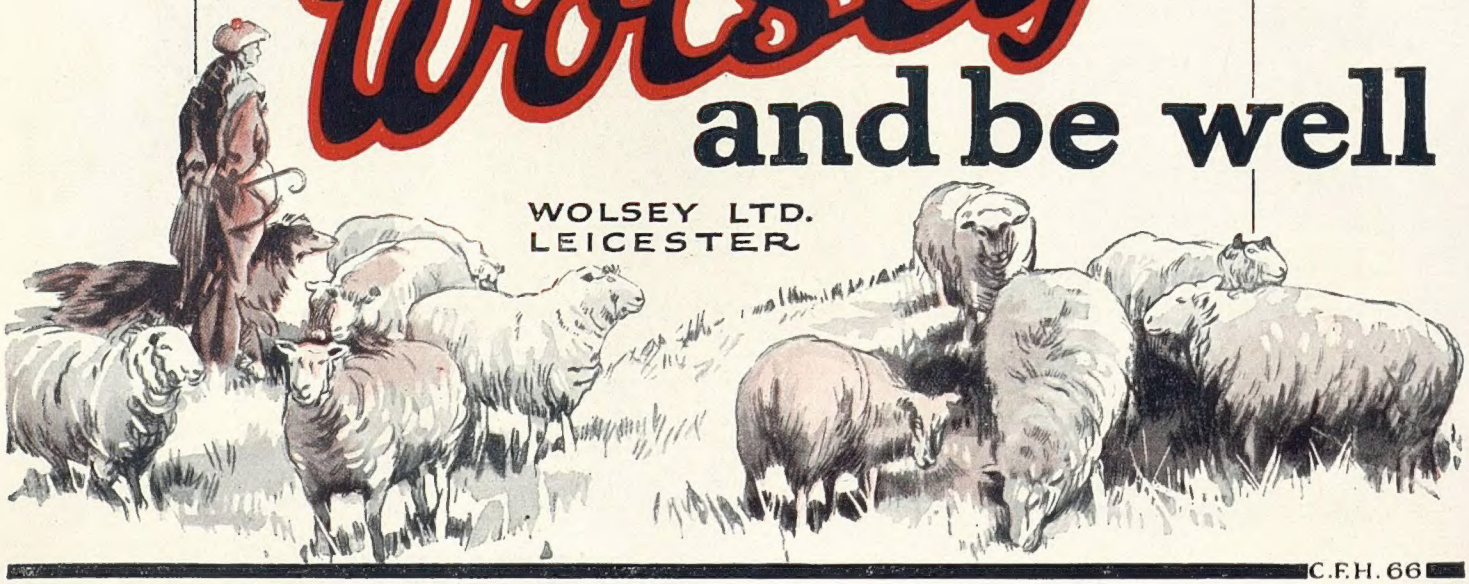


C.F.H. 66

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

I.B.

THE PRINCE IN THE SADDLE

The Prince of Wales on Mr. Markham's Cambrian on the way to the post to ride in the Duke of York's Plate at the Nairobi Races. The Prince finished second after a keen race, which he thoroughly enjoyed

Imperial Confidences

THE chief topic of conversation during the past week at those pleasant *intime* luncheons and dinners which make this season of the year so agreeable in London has been the Empress Frederick's letters. It goes without saying that so old a courtier and so devoted a friend to the Royal Family as Sir Frederick Ponsonby would never have published these letters without permission. They came into his possession in a dramatic and story-book way.

The Empress Frederick lay dying at Friedrichshof, the house she built near Homburg with part of the fortune left her by the Duchess Galliera, the widow of an enormously wealthy Genoese banker. King Edward, then Prince of Wales, went to visit his sister, and was attended by Sir Frederick Ponsonby.

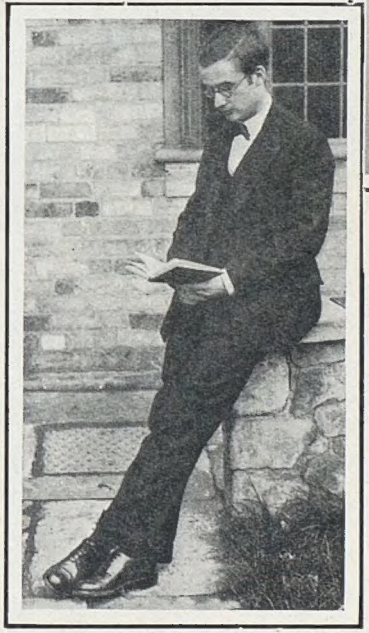
Sir Frederick's father, Sir Henry Ponsonby, devoted his lifetime to Queen Victoria's service.

L.N.A.

AT WORK WITH THE PLAY

Lady Horne (left) reading her play, "Henry's Girl," to Miss Tallulah Bankhead and Mr. Leslie Howard, who will be playing the leading parts. The play will be presented at a special matinée to be given at the St. James's Theatre in December in aid of the League of Mercy's effort to support the hospitals

His mother was a close friend of the dying Empress. No safer or surer hand could possibly be found, and the Empress begged him to take her letters back with him to England. To his intense surprise two big corded boxes were brought to his room that night, but by



P. and A.

MEET "MR. HARE"

The Earl of Listowel's son and heir, who has chosen to renounce his courtesy title of Viscount Ennismore in favour of the simple and more plebeian Mr. Hare. He is a prominent member of the Cambridge Union

Vandyk

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

A recent photograph of the Begum of Bhopal. She and the Nawab of Bhopal are at present in England in connection with the Indian Conference at Montagu House

putting labels on them, "China with care" and "Books with care," and pretending they contained private purchases in Homburg, Sir Frederick got the boxes through with his other luggage, even under the eye of the ex-Kaiser's Chief of Police and the ex-Kaiser himself.

But for the War this book would never have been published. I don't suppose any other mother has ever judged a son so rightly as the

THE HON. MRS. D. CARNEGIE, MRS. W. M. CHARLESWORTH AND MISS CARNEGIE

A DAY WITH THE KENNEL CLUB

Some of those who were present at the Kennel Club's Retriever Trials. These were held recently at Idsworth, Horndean, in Hampshire

Alfieri

THE COUNTESS HOWE

Empress Frederick judges the ex-Kaiser in these letters, written *cœur ouvert* to her own mother. She strips him of all his bombast and posturing, and, whilst showing the man beneath, has flashes of intuition about the future and the wreckage he has made, which Time, unfortunately, has proved to be true.

It was not only to Queen Victoria that the Empress expressed her fears for the future of Germany and the Imperial dynasty. Writing to a friend of your Bystander's three years before her death she said:

"These vulgar exhibitions, this blatant rhodomontade, continue from day to day. Ridicule, not even political danger of the gravest, nothing can pierce the armour of insuperable conceit and ignorance and braggadocio with which my unfortunate son covers himself. Where will it all end, and how long will the present position last? Enemies made everywhere and the most friendly Powers antagonised. There must, and will, come a bitter and dreadful end."

A Dramatic Sequel

THE scene that followed the Empress Frederick's death likewise suggests the sensational novel. The gates of Friedrichshof were guarded by soldiers, soldiers were on sentry all round the house, whilst within the ex-Kaiser's police officers were searching for his mother's letters and papers. They found nothing. The letters were already in England.

To my mind, the most callous and revolting of all the ex-Kaiser's actions to his parents revealed in this book was his appointment of his brother, Prince Henry, during their father's reign of a hundred days, to a post only given by the Emperor.

Photographs *Sport and General*

MRS. KIRK AND MRS. REVELL-SMITH

MISS SYLVIA NAIRN *Photopress*

Who is engaged to marry Mr. Alfred Duggan, elder son of the late Mr. Alfred Duggan and of the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston. She is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Nairn, of Stubbings, near Maidenhead. Dr. Nairn is late Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School

An Empress of Tragedy

THE Fates in showering an accumulation of tragedies upon the late Empress Marie of Russia spared her the supreme tragedy. To the end she was convinced that her son, the Tsar, the Tsaritza, and their children were alive. She steadfastly refused to believe the story of that ghastly evening at Ekaterinburg when they were all done to death in a cellar. And those about her took care that she should never see any reference to that hideous murder, or any description of the shooting, and the attempt to burn the bodies before they were cast down a mine-shaft.

Married at nineteen to the heir to the Russian throne—three years after her sister Alexandra became Princess of Wales—the assassination of her father-in-law, Alexander II, made her Empress fifteen years later. Actually, a life of constant fear for her husband and her children began with that assassination. Alexander II was killed by a bomb thrown at his sledge by Nihilists.

Hearing the news, the Tsarevna Marie, as she was then styled, drove

AT AN AUTUMN MEETING
There was a good attendance at the Sandown Park Autumn Meeting, and this picturesque park course looked most attractive in its Autumn setting

Alfieri

LADY BUCHANAN JARDINE AND LADY WODEHOUSE

British Illus.

LADY ZIA WERNHER, COL. H. A. WERNHER, THE HON. MRS. HASTINGS, MR. C. A. ROGERS, AND THE HON. AUBREY HASTINGS.

Alfieri

MISS ROSARIO SCROPE, MISS FINDLEY AND MISS GRAHAM

instantly to the Winter Palace in Petrograd where the body had been taken. All up the marble stairs were blood stains. On a landing outside the Emperor's room the blood lay in a great pool.

Overcome by the ghastly sight, the Tsarevna reeled, half fainting. She was on the top step. If she fell she would have gone crashing down the staircase. The sentry on duty on the landing dared not put out a hand to save her. For a common soldier to touch a lady of the Imperial House meant death. Deliberately, he spat in the Tsarevna's face!

The shock of this unspeakable insult saved her from fainting, and probably also her life, or very serious injury. Later the sentry was rewarded for his presence of mind.

The Empress Marie did not like her daughter-in-law, the Empress Alix, and made no concealment of her feelings. By the old Romanoff etiquette an Emperor's mother took precedence of his wife until the latter bore him a son. Therefore, at all State functions the Empress Marie, insisting on the old right, went before her daughter-in-law during all the years until the little Tsarevitch was born. This did not improve the relations between the two Imperial ladies.

Like the Empress Frederick, the Empress Marie had foresight. In vain she appealed to the Emperor Nicholas to shake himself free from the influence of the charlatans who read horoscopes and told fortunes, brought about him by his wife. In vain she begged him to be firm and stand by his Ministers, instead of weakly listening to the words of the last comer; and at the end in vain she implored him to rid the Court of Rasputin. She saw what was coming, but her son would not listen.

She saw him once only after his abdication, in the train that was taking him back to Petrograd.

Central News

AT MUSLEY PARK

Mrs. Lionel Bibbs and Mrs. Gordon Foster photographed at the Middleton Hunter Trials at Musley Park, Malton. Mrs. Gordon Foster is the wife of the M.F.H. of the Sinnington

The Wrong Answer

THE Empress Marie had neither the beauty of her sister Queen Alexandra nor the grace of her other sister, the Duchess of Cumberland. And she had a surprisingly deep voice, so deep that to strangers she was often unintelligible.

Once, at a Court ball, she was

talking to a young officer who had much to gain from the Imperial favour. The Empress made a remark. But what she said in her deep, almost double-bass voice entirely escaped the officer. Not daring to confess he hadn't understood he hazarded a *"Non, Majesté."*

"Comment, non!" thundered the deep voice, *"Comment non!"* The young man almost perished of confusion. The answer should have been "Yes."

He lost a post he was anxious to get because the Empress told the Emperor she had found him stupid. But that deep voice was the despair of many diplomatists.

ON PARADE FOR THE CAMERA *P. B. Abery*

The Misses M. and D. Thomas with some very delightful Welsh and West Highland acquaintances who show an intelligent interest in the camera. The photograph was taken at their home at Builth Wells, where they have some very successful breeding kennels

Lenare

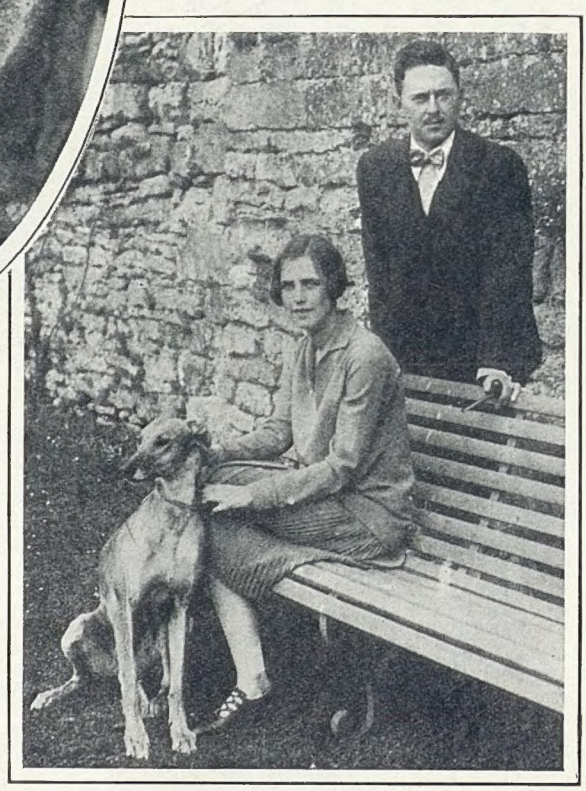
THE HON. STELLA WYNN

An attractive photograph of the only daughter of Lord and Lady Newborough. Her father, whose home is Bryn Llewelyn, Festiniog, succeeded his brother, who died as a result of active service during the War

Another Country House School

FOLLOWING closely upon the sale of the famous Warter Priory Estate, near York, by Florence Lady Nunburnholme comes the news that Hunmanby Hall, in East Yorkshire, has been bought for a Nonconformist girls' school. The late Lord Nunburnholme bought the property from the Osbaldestone family, to whom it had belonged for several generations, and spent a considerable sum of money upon it. His father, the first Lord Nunburnholme, better known as Charles Wilson and the head of the Wilson line of steamships, since he only held his peerage for a year, left Warter Priory to his widow. The son therefore bought Hunmanby.

If one had the leisure it would be interesting to add up the number of big country houses which have become schools and various other institutions since the War. And each year the number increases. Some owners, forced to sell family properties, must rise up and bless schools and institutions wanting a roof-tree of sufficient size. Without them more than one big house would have had to be pulled down



L.N.A.

MARRIED IN AMERICA

The Hon. Richard Dawnay, the heir of Viscount Downe, with his bride, Miss Margaret Christian Bahnsen, whom he married in New York last week. The Hon. Mrs. Dawnay is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Christian Bahnsen and Mrs. Bahnsen, of Passiac, New Jersey

Domestic Knowledge

LORD AND LADY APSLEY will not be called upon to do their own "chores" in the house they have taken for the hunting season near Badminton. It rejoices in the picturesque name of "Petty France." But in such an event they would both be well-equipped to face the crisis.

Two or three years ago, with the object of learning the details of a settler's life right from the beginning, they went to Australia. Like other settlers they were given a cottage and a piece of land, only the authorities knowing their identity. Lord Apsley worked on the land, and Lady Apsley, with her hus-

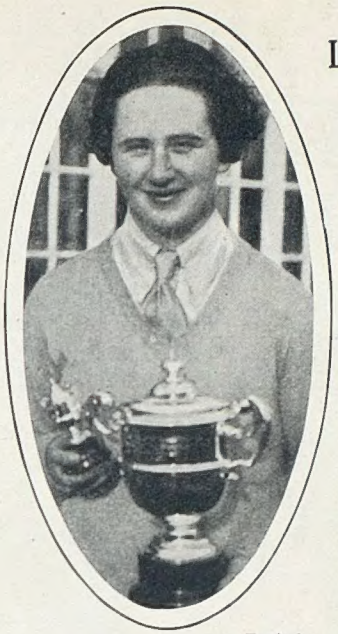
band's help in the rougher details, did the housework and cooking. For a time they lived the life of the usual settlers. Lord Apsley gained a mass of information which has been very useful to him since, both in Parliament—he is Member for Southampton — and out of it.

Lord Apsley's mother, Countess Bathurst, used to own the *Morning Post*, which she inherited from her father, the first and last Lord Glenesk.

How It Struck the Lady

A PARTY of Americans were being shown over an historic ruin. "This," said the guide pointing to a massive archway, "goes back to William the Conqueror."

"Why?" inquired one of the ladies, "don't it fit?"



Topical

MISS STANHOPE WITH THE CUP

LADIES' AUTUMN MEETING

Photo. Illus.

THE WINNER DRIVING OFF

Sport and General

THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD

Photo. Illus.

THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

Topical

THE COUNTESS OF DARNLEY

Sandy Lodge was the *venue* of the Parliamentary Ladies' Golf Association's Autumn Meeting. There was the usual good turn-out of competitors, and the outstanding performance of the day was that of Miss Stanhope, who won the Scratch Challenge Cup with a score of 79, and tied for the Challenge Bowl

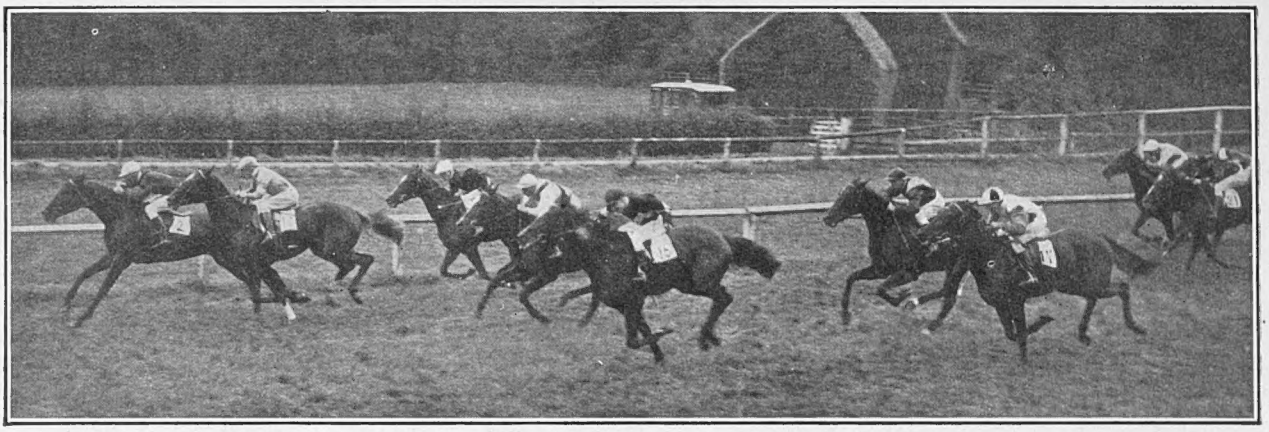
To Bite the Biters

A RECENT book of memoirs in which the writer, after proclaiming discretion lest pain should be given to surviving relatives, proceeds to be extremely outspoken, has given your Bystander an idea. Why should these writers of memoirs have things all their own way? Just as they have jotted down their personal opinion of people, others must have jotted down opinions concerning the writers. It would be rather fun if somebody could arrange a book, on the lines of a book of short stories, showing how some of these memoir writers appear to their acquaintances and contemporaries.

In some cases the retort would be wholly justifiable. And certainly the profound difference between what certain memoir writers think of themselves and what other people think of them would be highly diverting.

The "All-Talkie" Film

The Terror as an All-Talkie photo film cannot be described as a success, for it is confused and melodramatic to an extent that renders an already far-fetched story ridiculous. All the same, it is a thoroughly good entertainment, and it is something to the credit of the new Vitaphone "all-talkie" that the movies, aided by the staccato accents of the human voice, can cause thrills to a sophisticated audience. Apart from a few indistinct passages, an occasional lisp, or a hoarse, hollow sound like a gramophone record failing to register, *The Terror* talks, but oh, so slowly and monotonously. The slow, measured words like an orator on a public platform seem sadly out of place when a man is lying on the ground with a dagger in his heart, where one would expect to see the actors in a state of wild excitement. Nevertheless, the marvellous singing of Martinelli in *Pagliacci*, Mischa Elman playing Dvorák's "Humoresque," and other musical interludes, prove that the musical and vocal film is bound to become popular. At the same time, some of the American star favourites will have to learn to speak English.



NEARING THE FINISH *Sport and General*

The field in the Rustic Nursery Handicap Plate at Lingfield Park photographed a quarter of a mile from the finish. The winner, Mrs. H. C. Miller's Luisita (F. Fox up), is seen running second

RACING NOTIONS

By CARBINE

A Bad Business

THOSE who were present on the second day of the meeting at Dunstall Park last week witnessed an incident which will give them something to talk about for many a day. There does not appear to be the slightest doubt that there was a mix-up over the placings in the Madeley Handicap, the race being given to a horse who did not finish nearer than fifth or sixth. This was not a case in which the runners finished right across the course. In those instances it is always possible for the spectators to differ from the judge. I never attempt to argue against that official when finishes of this character have to be adjudicated upon, because he is always in a better position to see what has happened than the occupants of the stands. At Wolverhampton, however, all impartial onlookers agree that Northward finished a long way behind the leaders. It seems to be a travesty of racing that the official verdict should have been allowed to stand.

Need for Assistant Judges

I AM strongly of the opinion that every judge on an English racecourse should be provided with an assistant who should be with him in his box. Such a precaution would assuredly prevent a repetition of the farce which was played out last week. A well-known trainer who witnessed the incident at Wolverhampton, and spoke to me about it in the strongest possible terms, makes a suggestion of a more far-reaching character. He advocates that there should be two judges for every race, stationed on either side of the course. The assistant judge, he suggests, should jot down the result as he sees it, and hand it in to the Stewards in a sealed envelope. It is quite possible if this were done that we should get some curious differences of opinion in the case of close finishes.

This Week's Big Race

IT seems to be quite certain that the Cambridgeshire this week will live up to its best traditions. This has almost invariably been a race in which the betting takes an exceedingly wide range. Once again we have a large number of horses who are strongly fancied by their connections. You might easily back a dozen competitors and then leave out the winner. At the moment of writing Sunny Trace is favourite. I have always regarded him as being nicely handicapped, and the fact that he will carry the confidence of Fred Darling, who does not make very many mistakes, increases one's respect for Lord Dewar's colt. Fohanaun has naturally been quoted at a comparatively short price since his sparkling victory in the Select Stakes a fortnight ago. I am not convinced, however, that the form in question is strictly to be depended on. My view is that Orbindos, although only third, came out of that race with immense credit. Owing to the hard ground he had been given rather an easy time and was accordingly not fully wound up. In addition, he lost a length or two at the start. I formed the impression that he would reverse the placings with Fohanaun the next time they met. If you look at the weights these horses carried in the Cambridgeshire twelve months ago, when they finished close together, you will find that Orbindos now has a few pounds the better of the argument.

Sport and General

ENTER THE WINNER

Lady James Douglas's Bagatelle (J. Childs up) returning to scale after winning the Lingfield Autumn Oaks. Bagatelle, which beat Grand Vixen by a short head, started at 7 to 1 against

My Selections

I DO not propose to go through the prospects of Palais Royal II, Delius, St. Jerome, and all the other fancied Cambridgeshire candidates. I content myself with suggesting that those who back **Orbindos** for win and place will get a really good run for their money. On Thursday the Dewhurst Stakes will be one of the attractions at Newmarket. This is run over a longer course than that for the Middle Park Stakes, and seldom produces so brilliant a field as we see in the latter race. I am quite prepared to find the Aga Khan following up the success he gained in the Middle Park. His colours will be carried by **Le Voleur,** who is, I am sure, as good a colt as any in the entry. I do not suppose there will be many runners for the Jockey Club Cup on the same afternoon. I see no special reason why **Invershin** should not repeat his Ascot triumph. In his absence Baralong ought to carry off this historic trophy.

Saddling Up for the Cambridgeshire

M. WITTOUCK'S PALAIS ROYAL II

By "The Tout"

Teddy Gwilt relies on Orbindos for to-day's big race, and E. Charlier, the French trainer, will send Palais Royal II fit and well to the post. Mr. B. Davis owns and trains his French "Guineas" winner, and there will be much rejoicing at Frant if Dark Lantern turns up. Fred Darling supplies the favourite in Sunny Trace, who should carry Lord Dewar's colours very nearly if not quite first past the post

Photographs *W. A. Rouch*

LORD DEWAR'S SUNNY TRACE

MR. S. B. JOEL'S FOHANAUN

THE Cambridgeshire, which is run to-day (Wednesday) may result in some lucky punters pulling off a successful Autumn double, but the success of Arctic Star in the Cesarewitch proved a frost which nipped the hopes of many in the bud. The French visitors naturally look for great things from their candidates, but, at the time of writing, Sunny Trace continues to bask in the sunshine of a favourite and Lord Dewar may see his colours pass the post first

VARSITY NOTES

OXFORD

OXFORD has some grieves to air this week. The Philistines are, it seems, at the gates of the City of Youth, and Matthew Arnold is revolving in his grave with some rapidity. In short, the Municipal Powers That Be have seen fit to make an "auto" park in the middle of the "Broad," ruining one of the finest views of Oxford's ancient masonry. The Vice-Chancellor was so moved about it all that he actually made a bright little speech in Latin, but to no avail.

Secondly, has it not been couched in proctorial writing, and proclaimed to the world at large, that henceforth the Statutes must be obeyed, and we must don cap and gown after 9 p.m. in the evening? For many moons Oxford has not been as Cambridge in this matter—even when we have worn the "subfusc" suit we have eschewed the cap and gown.

"Ties" is another subject which has been troubling me lately. The number of club ties on view in Oxford at present is many more than legion. The practice in recent years has been for every club, from the Bullingdon to the college photographic society, to possess some colours of its own, and year by year do these eyesores increase and multiply.

Dinner is rather a problem this time of the term as the Hall dinner (2s. 3d. *including* bread) does not improve on acquaintance. In fact, I hear that some bright young spark sent up his college *menu* to Tigers and inquired of them its value—"ninepence with music"—the other day. Most of the Oxford clubs run dinners for their members, and I did a tour of these last week. The result was I gave the O.U.D.S. the verdict as the best dining club, with the Grid a good second.

The Union held its opening debate of the term on Thursday, and your trusted Charles was in his place trying to learn all about Lord Cecil and Geneva (or was it Locarno?). Stopford Brooke, one of the bright young things from Balliol, is President of the Union just now. "Stoppers" is one of the best speakers Oxford has had for some time, and on the strength of this he has become Liberal candidate for Guildford for the General Election. He is a pipe addict, and I suppose this is the reason he asked and persuaded Mr. Baldwin to speak at the Union. Other great men who are to visit Oxford and give tongue are Mr. Edgar Wallace and Mr. A. J. Cook.

Oxford Sport really deserves to be spelt with a capital S just now. The Rugger side really seems to be the goods this year, and apparently the Dark Blues have for once scooped up most of the best freshers. The O.U.B.C. also apparently have some good new material—in fact the great Revival has come at last.

CHARLES.

By J. P. DONCASTER

"A University in the Scottish Highlands"

CAMBRIDGE

CAMBRIDGE is now simply roaring with activity. Peeps and Leeps are busy gaining favour with their respective superiors. Everywhere there are trials—trials for freshers, trials for seniors. The River Cam effervesces under the promising oars of the trial eights. To-day (Oct. 31) the Coxswainless Fours begin. First Trinity start strong favourites and are expected to break the run of successes which Third Trinity have enjoyed for the last six years. Elsewhere hockey, Soccer, Rugger, and golf fiends are making the turf fly in all directions. Already freshers are finding out that lectures, as an amusement, are greatly over-estimated. One mathematician declares that there is an average drop in attendance of 2 per cent. per day. This means that by the end of November lecturers will delight female audiences only.

Mr. A. J. Cook will speak this week at the Union on the inefficiency and immorality of the present constitution of society—no, that is wrong—he is speaking—oh, h—l! Let's start again. This necessity of writing about future events in the past needs a clear head and a facile pen. Mr. Cook spoke last week at the Union Debate. There was a vast crowd waiting for him, and someone applauded him many times. His speech was audible to many. He was heard to say—but that's enough anticipation for this week.

For many years a certain Cambridge Don has cherished a scheme of erecting a University in the Scottish Highlands for the purpose of educating any potential Burns. The consummation of this project appears imminent, for it is rumoured that five American millionaires have consented to finance it. Blues, or their equivalent, are to be awarded for the bagpipes, curling, and tossing the caber; half-blues for trout fishing and shove "saxpence."

The first meeting of the Pentacle Club was held last week. This is a society which can turn a C.I.C.C.U. breakfast into a meeting of the Heretics by the miraculous conversion of tea into beer, and takes money from freshers by exploiting the trick of "Find the Lady."

I am seriously thinking—damn that confounded noise! Even as I write these Notes the strumming of a badly played piano and three very discordant voices come floating through the windows and oozing through the floorboards. Why are gramophones barred in many colleges? Modern records can be both harmonious and euphonious, but the pianist below fails to——. I hear a scrambled rush on the staircase. Four hearty "wotchers" are bellowed in my ears. "Come, Bernil, drown thy sorrows in song." Reluctantly I go.

BERNIL.

Hills and Saunders

MR. S. STOPFORD BROOKE

The President of the Oxford Union. A Marlborough and Balliol man, he wields a useful hockey stick in between debates, and his hat is such that it has already been commented upon in print

ON THE ISIS *Central News*

The " A " crew leaving the boat house for the first trials. These resulted in a reshuffling of places in the boat

The Varsities Take to Their Boats Again

Central News

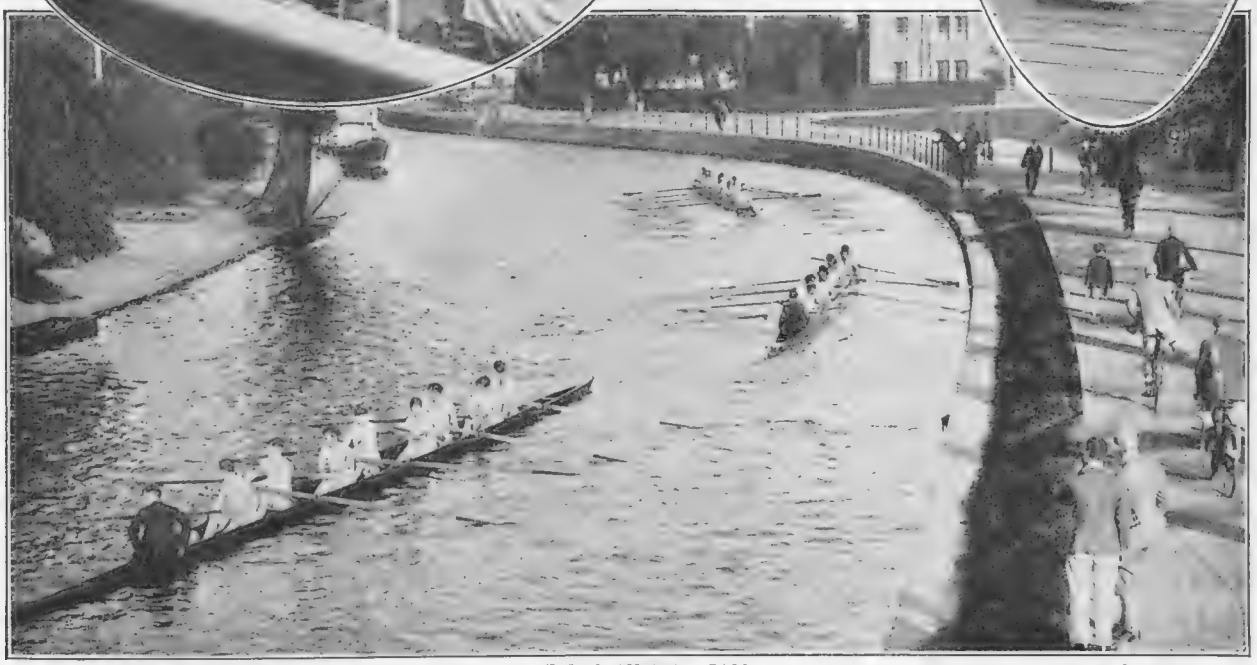
WORDS OF WISDOM

A scene at the Dark Blues' landing stage. H. C. Morphett, the President of the O.U.B.C., is giving the crew a few pointers

G.P.U.

IN CHARGE

R. Beesly, the President of the C.U.B.C., takes a freshman out for tubbing exercise. The search for new talent is always an important matter at this period



ACTIVITY ON THE CAM *Central Press*

A view from the Iron Bridge of some of the Eights out for a practice spin. The Clinker Fours will start on November 21, and the Trial Eights take place on the first day of December

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

November 1st

To-morrow, my beloved readers, will be the First of November. My calendar informs me so. For cold, unemotional British phlegm commend me to my calendar every time. Briefly and without comment it announces: Nov. 1, Hunting Begins. Not a lyric word, you perceive, of boot and saddle, of scarlet coats, of pawing hoofs, of the puckered, keen-eyed face of the old huntsman, of the shrill music of the hounds. Your hunting man is a man of action. Like my calendar, he is never vocally sentimental. After the ardours and endurances of a day across heavy country he may sit and chuckle over his Jorrocks by the library fire, but of the sheer romance of the thing he will not speak.

The Feast of Sir Guy

Why a comic gentleman, with comic slouch hat and lantern, who left unblown-up the things he meant to blow up, should be a national figure of romance I do not know. But there it is. Poor Guy Fawkes has come down to us as a half-comic figure, and the sentimental English cannot resist loving a character like that. We conclude, I think, with a really understanding Guy Fawkes to-day. Your modern anarchist is a dull fellow with all the drawbacks of a pedestrian mind. I've no use for him.

A Regular Guy

But a really romantic, swashbuckling Guido with a saving touch of humour—he would be my man. There are so many statues and buildings and monuments which might be so happily dynamited; there are so many modern novels and pictures which might make many bonfires for the public weal and pleasure. Will any descendant of the estimable Mr. Fawkes step briskly forward? He would be, in the happy Transatlantic phrase, "a regular Guy." But if any over-earnest person seeks to make these fanciful remarks an excuse for placing a packet of T.N.T. on the plinth of the Albert Memorial I repudiate all complicity in the outrage here and now.

Talky and Co.

What the effects of the Talking Film will be on the present Hollywood film star colony is a matter which gives one furiously to think. I have heard one or two of the leading lights of America's screen population giving tongue from one of our broadcasting stations, and the result was such that I realised that our listeners-in must be the most tolerant set of people in the world to sit calmly by and listen to murder most vile without rising in their wrath and making a massed attack on Savoy Hill, the murder being that of the King's English, which, both in enunciation and construction, was so man-handled as to be almost unrecognisable. If it was a fair sample of what we may expect, we may be regaled with dialogue of the following nature when we visit the cinema in the near future. The scene is from that great Transatlantic version of English "high life," *The Duke's Downfall*. Sir Osbric, who is seen in the act of proposing to the fair Lady Elizabeth (played by that famous German film star, Fraulein Wilhelmina Schnottzinzittle), is, in real life, a gentleman born within VERY easy hearing of Bow Bells.

SIR OSBRIC.

"Lidy Liz I'm bahnd ter tell yer
As yer looks ther goods ter-noight

In yer blinkin' old tiara
And yer gown of snowy whoite.
When I gives yer the once-over
Strewf! I feels so bloomin' queer
I knows as 'ow that Cupid beggar
Is loafin' rahnd ther corner, dear."

LADY ELIZABETH.

" Ja, berhabs you're richt, no, yes, sir,
But I oonderstandt id not.
Vat you mean, please, Herr von Osbric?
Haf you tings to tell me got?"

SIR OSBRIC.

" Lumme, WOT a ruddy query.
'Ave I fings—give over, do!
Can't yer see I've toddled rahnd 'ere
Ter pop ther question strite ter you?
H'eton, 'Arrer, Woolwich, Sand'urst
All 'as made me wot I is,
Me blood's as blue as bargee's langwidge,
So wot abart a wedding, Liz?"

LADY ELIZABETH.

" Tanks you moochly, lieber Osbric,
You too big honours to me make.
Ja, I tinks I'll be your frau, dear,
And childers bear for Englandt's sake."

THE PRODUCER.

" Say, the beans you spill is dandy,
That's blue-blooded stuff, O.K.,
Just one mistake—no dame in London
Talks of 'childers.' 'Juniors' say!"

Piccadilly Perks

" MORNING, Berkeley." —— " Morning, Ritz." —— Must you? Say, what is Sister Aimée giving literature to Beatrice Lillie for, Berkeley? "—— " Don't know, Ritz. Perhaps she wanted to improve her sex ap'peel.' "—— " Aimée and Tallulah and Gwen Farrar and Audrey Carten. I'll say she was in the safest company. I'm afreud Aimée's Four Squarers may misconstrue her midnight slumming. They don't understand such boyish tricks."—— " I don't suppose they've heard of emancipation."—— " I see Lord Birkenhead has answered the call to alms."—— " Don't know what the Government will do without him." —— " Become F.E.te, I should say."—— " Please, Ritz! "—— " Pardon me."—— " Lots of orange blossom about, Ritz."—— " Um! "—— " Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper and Lord Alington."—— " Um! " I hear he proposed to her on the rocks when at Antibes."—— " What did the crew do? "—— " What? "—— " Sorry, I thought you said he struck the rocks on the Antibes."—— " Then there's Denise Orme—Lady Churston that is, or was—and Tito Wessell."—— " I know. You have the best seats, wessell 'em. That should be an enOrmeous success."—What a ghastly pun—well it's meant for the Titotellers.—— " I hear she is going to have a real big wedding this time, as her first was just a romantic rush."—— " Hasn't she lost her amateur status? "—— " That's why she's going to alter it."—— " The Jersey Lily's been in town."—— " Ah! the rhythm of Wilde time, 'I hear you Whistling me.' "—— " Yes, in de bath, 'Yugo, where are you?' "—— " And she's writing again, they say."—— " What with? "—— " Her past."—— " What on? "—— " The King's Highway." —— " A novel, eh? "—— " No, the Bath Road."

IN THE POLITICAL BAZAAR!—"ORIENTATION?"

By David Wilson

The Varsities on View

A RUGGER REVERIE

By PENDARVES

WHEN Oxford appeared in public for the first time this year, with seven old Blues in the side, and beat Old Merchant Taylors, on the Oxford ground, to the tune of 47-12, the Cambridge people sat up and took a good deal of notice. The O.M.T.s, not, perhaps, one of the strongest of sides, are nevertheless a side to be reckoned with seriously by any team, anywhere. And Oxford had beaten them very soundly and convincingly. The Varsity apparently put up a very good show indeed, both fore and aft, particularly in the first half, when they got through the opponents' defence no fewer than seven times. Then the excellent Lusty was crocked and they fell off a bit. Nevertheless, it was a remarkable performance. Graham Taylor, the Scottish International, this year's skipper, must have drunk his after-match tea with considerable relish that afternoon; having scored five tries himself, and having heard the Wise Men say that this is the best side seen on the Iffley Road ground since Macpherson's days.

LAST year Oxford's defeat—after a closer and more exciting game than any of us anticipated—was caused, I think, largely by the fact that the Oxford threequarters had been told over and over again (how sick they must have got of hearing it!) that only forward could they hope to hold Cambridge. And the psychological effect of this is apt to be felt by the best of men: though on the form displayed on that Varsity match day last December there wasn't much difference between them: the "vast superiority" complex was a myth. And Oxford have got a good pack this year again, led by Bannerman—thirty-three Scottish caps to his credit already, and likely to get several more—which will require a great deal of holding. One man never made a Rugger scrum victorious, nor even three: but it is wonderful how a pack can come on under the inspired leadership of a famous personality; especially one such as Jack Bannerman, with his genius for anticipation and his brilliancy in the loose rushes. Moreover, you cannot tire him: and this in a gruelling Varsity game is another tremendous asset. It is about time Oxford had a look in this year, as Cambridge have won for the last three years, and it is getting a little monotonous.

NOW let us glance at Cambridge. We had a long stare at them, for 80 minutes, when they appeared at Twickenham recently. And Cambridge supporters came away somewhat pensive from that Harlequin game. From the point of view of the unusually large crowd of spectators nothing could have been much better than it was for sustained excitement—and humour. An Airedale terrier provided the comic relief. He got fed up with the boring aristocracy in the West Stand and trotted out to play for Cambridge during a pause following a place kick. Devilish good he thought he was—fast, with an eye for an opening. Several 'Quins tried to do him in, but, with a swerve like Kenneth McLeod, he evaded them and went on having the game of his life, until disposed of after a magnificent smother tackle by V. G. Davies. Everyone within sight loved him: except possibly his master or mistress, who must have been feeling pretty bad in the Stand!

THE Harlequins are not at their best, so far, this year. On that day they had not got their strongest side out by any means. Yet they held the redoubtable Cambridge and drew with them: I think they were a shade unlucky not to have beaten them—in spite of one bad mistake by the Cambridge full back which gave them a try. True, the Cambridge skipper, Aarvold, was crocked in the Durham game and didn't play. He was badly missed, but he should not have made all this difference.

ONE had a feeling, strengthened as the game went on, that the Varsity was relying too much on the pyrotechnic display of its threequarters. There was too much of Morgan, the Welsh International, dashing about, very adroitly, on his own, starving his wing, and often running spectacularly *across* the ground rather than ahead. This little centre is a very fine player; a pillar of support to Wales. But he is given the ball too often, when others could make better use of it.

THERE were five Blues playing in the pack, well led by F. H. Waters, by the way, but they were continually beaten for possession: their hooking was distinctly mediocre. This won't do against the Oxford forwards, who are, seemingly, pretty hot at hooking. However, their dribbling in the loose was markedly better than their opponents'.

Sport and General

GETTING THE BALL AWAY

The Cambridge scrum-half passing out during the match between the Harlequins and the Light Blues at Twickenham. The match ended in a draw, each side scoring 11 points

Central News

HARROW'S FIRST MATCH

A general view of the recent game between Harrow School and a team of Old Harrovians. The School won by 19 points to 3

The Camera Keeps "Touch"

Glimpses of Form among the Rugby Clubs

Q.P.

GETTING IT AWAY

Sir Thomas Devitt, the Blackheath wing-threequarter, passes the ball on being tackled. This was when Blackheath defeated Cardiff by 14 points to 10 on the Rectory Field

Topical

"YOUNG MUST BE SERVED"

A photograph of A. T. Young, "The Club's" inimitable scrum-half, breaking through in the Blackheath-Cardiff match. In this game he showed a welcome return to form

G.P.U.

BUSTLE FORWARDS, BUSTLE!"

A Bristol forward forcing his way out of the scrum in the recent encounter between Bristol and Guy's Hospital at Honor Oak Park. The Hospital was beaten rather badly by 12 points to nil

By HARTLEY CARRICK

BRICKLAYERS are complaining that Mr. Winston Churchill has been elected a member of their Union. Why don't the latter concentrate on laying bricks instead of throwing 'em?

. . . . . .

FOR the best pun a contemporary offers a prize of five pounds. We should greatly like to pick up that five-pun' note.

. . . . . .

"YOU'RE getting a big boy, Bobby."

"Yes; soon I'll be able to reach Mummy's skirts."

. . . . . .

TO-DAY'S great thought: Nowadays it is only the fried whiting that can make both ends meet!

. . . . . .

MR. LLOYD GEORGE recently saw the Cesarewitch at Newmarket. Henceforth we suppose he will be referred to as Lloyd Gee-Gee.

. . . . .

EGGS have gone up in price. Yet the General Election is still many months ahead.

. . . . .

IT is said that bigamy in Abyssinia is unknown. Evidently in that region the inhabitants realise that no man can serve two masters.

. . . . .

A SCOTTISH advocate has written a ballet entitled, "The Swan." He must be one of those writers to "the cygnet."

. . . . .

"WHAT do you think of X as an actor?"

"Whenever I see him on the stage I feel a peculiar itching in my right boot!"

CONFESSIONS

Dean Inge.—"No one can glue me down to what I have written."

Mr. Lloyd George.—"I have never recited 'The Wreck of the Birkenhead.'"

Sir Harry Lauder.—"I have never yet tipped the basin."

Mr. Gene Tunney.—"I never hope to take things lying down."

Mr. A. P. F. Chapman.—"Life has been so sweet that I yet have to experience an acid 'Test.'"

Lady Diana Duff-Cooper.—"I prefer to pay all my accounts on Lady di'."

Mr. Steve Donoghue.—"The closest race I ever saw was in Aberdeen."

Mr. Cyril Tolley.—"I do not know the course of the Golf Stream."

The Censor of Plays.—"I have yet to get on the dirt track."

THE SOCCER SCANDAL

Oh you who wear the footer knickerbocker,
Who flaunt the coloured stockings and the vest,
Tell me the answer: What is wrong with "Soccer"?
Whence comes this strange unrest?

I scorn the theory that men of gristle,
Of beef and brawn, and old-time referees
Are somewhat prone to wet the weary whistle,
And, therefore, fail to please.

I know that there are some who knit their brows, and
Look with suspicion at the "transfer touch,"
And think a club who'll pay a cool ten thousand
Cannot amount to much!

I'm told (the statement is beyond correction)
That schools who followed the old Soccer code
Now follow, after much mature reflection,
The Rugby (honour) code.

Whate'er the cause, I'm vehemently urging
That your authorities should find the cure;
Here's one suggestion—why not try expurging
The shameless shamateurs!

"THUNDER ON THE LEFT"

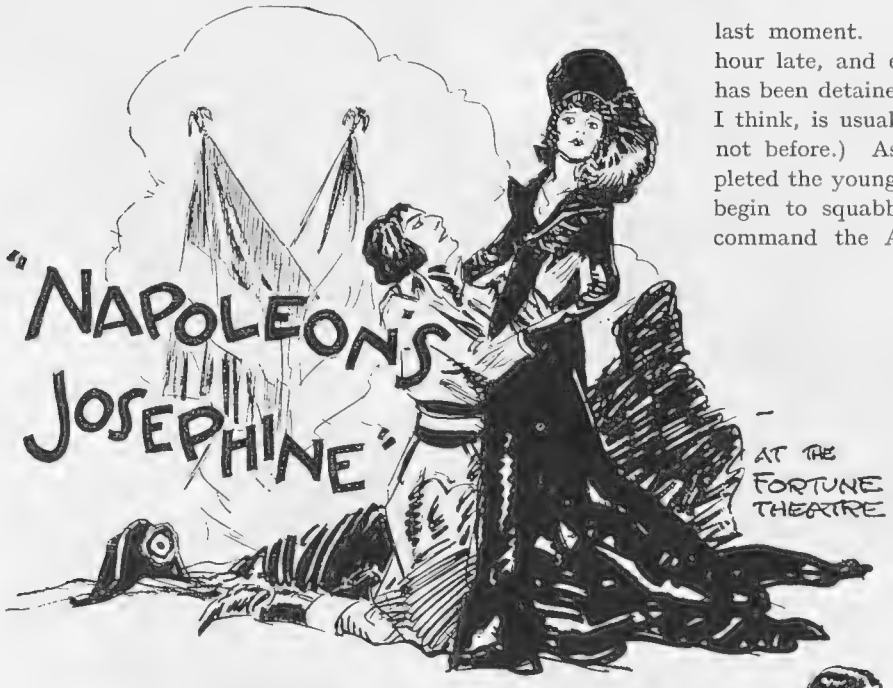
"Was your late mistress surprised when you left?"
"Oh no. mum. She knew about it before *I* did!"

By STAN TERRY

Limbs of the Law

BY STARR WOOD

How the road appears when you come out without your licence



Produced September 24, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a series of dramatic tableaux representing incidents in the life of the great Napoleon, the author having apparently had access to more of the details of Napoleon's private life than has been vouchsafed to most other historians. Or perhaps the others have been more discreet. The first scene shows us Napoleon, then a young General of twenty-six under the Directory (1795), in his mean lodgings in Montmartre. Although at that time there was plenty of killing ready to be done, both at home and abroad, Napoleon complains rather bitterly that he is out of a job. Then Count Paul Barras, who is for the moment Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army, calls upon Napoleon and offers him the task of defending Paris against the Royalist opposition. Barras is accompanied by his friend Josephine, who has already taken a fancy to the future Emperor.

JOSEPHINE is at this date a young widow of about thirty, an age which young widows seldom exceed till they are found out. There are clear indications here, doubtless completely supported by evidence that would not appear to be generally available, that Josephine has been for some time past the mistress of Barras, who is, however, taking the usual course of growing tired of her. Napoleon is shown here as one of the simple soldiers (there are still some left) who believe in the virtue of the majority of women, and, impressed by Josephine's beauty, he tells her rather bluntly that he would like to have a child by her. This is a rather unusual form of marriage proposal, but Josephine interprets it in the right spirit, and signifies her acceptance in the usual manner.

THE next scene represents the wedding a few months later at the Town Hall. The ceremony is timed for ten o'clock, but Josephine arrives at nine, as she is not taking any chances. Barras is on the spot, presumably to see that the bridegroom does not try to escape at the last moment. Napoleon comes along about half an hour late, and excuses himself on the ground that he has been detained at the office on business. (This plea, I think, is usually reserved for use after marriage, and not before.) As soon as the wedding has been completed the young couple are left alone, and immediately begin to squabble. Napoleon has been appointed to command the Army in Italy, and not unreasonably wants his bride to go with him. Josephine says, however, that she will be more useful looking after her husband's interests in Paris. (My own books of reference say that Josephine accompanied Napoleon to Italy and did a good deal towards restraining his native propensity for slaughtering his fellow-men wholesale; but, no doubt, the author of this play knows best.)

THE next tableau brings us to Josephine's house in the year 1799. Napoleon is due home from Egypt, where he has, as usual, been sending up the death-rate on a scale by the side of which the mortality from the Plagues must have been a mere trifle. Josephine is in her boudoir reclining on a couch in what the novels call an attitude of languishment, while Barras sits by her side and reminds her of their old love. As has been truly said, one thing leads to another, and the climax is reached when Josephine appeals to her lover first of all to put out the lights, and the curtain falls on that. (The question of taste is proverbially undiscussable.)

WE seem for the moment in the midst of an epidemic of iconoclasm directed at the great figures of the past. The French have a rather cruel saying, *Il y a des morts qu'il faut tuer;* but I do not think that either the Little Corporal or his Josephine will be put on the black list for quite a while yet. We come then by natural

transition to the next scene, which represents the morning after. Josephine hurries out of her bedroom to tell her maid Angélique that she will not be at home to Mme. de Stäel if that lady should call. Mme. de Stäel has, it appears, been keeping a close watch on Josephine, not only in Napoleon's interest, but also to gratify her natural curiosity and her love of scandal.

As it happens, Mme. de Stäel proves to be the perfect gate-crasher. She brushes the faithful Angélique aside and sweeps into Josephine's presence with no greater ceremony than she might have adopted if she were calling on her next-door neighbour at Golders Green. She comes to say that Napoleon is back from Egypt and is even now on his way to the house. Josephine proves herself here a great mistress of resource. She bundles Mme. de Stäel into the bedroom, where Barras is presumably completing his toilet, and locks the door behind her. When Napoleon arrives he appears to have his suspicions that something is wrong in his marital affairs; but Josephine is able to clear herself by opening the bedroom door and releasing Barras and Mme. de Stäel, to whom she points as a guilty couple who have used her premises for an amorous assignation. This is, of course, in the best style of French farce, but it seems to be disastrously unsatisfactory as an authentic detail of French history.

When we skip along to the year 1809, when Napoleon was Emperor and Josephine Empress. The question of divorce is raised between the Imperial couple in a quiet little chat in the drawing-room over the after-dinner coffee. Napoleon's excuse for the divorce is the generally accepted one that, having no prospect of an heir to the throne, he desires alliance with a more promising lady; and on this ground the divorce is agreed to. Here, however, the faithful Angélique, in the course of taking off the Emperor's boots, blurts out a few words that leave no doubt in Napoleon's mind that Barras's companion on the night before his return home from Egypt was not Mme. de Stäel, but Josephine herself. He at once goes out storming and raging, though one would have thought that, the divorce having once been decided upon, this new reason for it hardly mattered.

Josephine has a queenly representative in Miss Edith Evans, while Mr. Leslie Banks gives a very good counterfeit presentment of Napoleon. Mr. Leon Quartermaine, always the finished actor, imparts a subtle charm to the part of Barras, while Miss Athene Seyler, as the mercurial Mme. de Stäel, plays the part with her usual distinction.

Jingle.

A Lady of Russia: Pre-Bolshevik Era

Horace Beck and Helen Macgregor

A camera study of Miss Lydia Sherwood in one of the costumes she wears in Komisarjevsky's play, "The Brass Paper Weight," at the Apollo Theatre. She takes the part of the long-suffering heroine, Groushenka Svetlova, who knows complete happiness only a minute or two before the final curtain

"Let us lift and drain our glasses to the Paris which Heaven made for lovers"

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BACCHUS

No. IV—CHAMPAGNE

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustration by S. BRIAULT

I HAD walked along the Champs Elysées and sat me down on the terrace of the bar which is opposite Fouquet's. The barman, who knew my ways, brought me immediately a glass of champagne; for that is the best drink in Paris—a city where one should always feel gay and never be drunk.

The Avenue was mantled in russet; a cataract of traffic swirled past; the wine gave forth its glorious golden glitter; all Paris glowed with life now that the dead months were over and autumn had come once more.

Presently Lolotte arrived—to complete the scene; for in Paris one should always be in the company of a charming woman. Lolotte is not Parisian; she is just one of those rare foreign flowers that has been transplanted in Parisian soil and thrived there. She is more charming than any Parisian (so now you can guess her country), and she is in love with a Russian Prince.

We sat and watched the folk for a while, then took a taxi and went across to the other bank. Here, at the Café du Dome, one heard little but one's mother tongue. Everybody was very young, a good proportion of the company quite adequately washed, and life for the most part earnest.

We went on to see a Montparnasse cinema. This was something unique; first, a "movie" as they were taken in the old days, excruciatingly funny; then a sort of Futurist film by a photographer called Man Ray, which was unintelligible to me. Lastly, Vic Maclagen in one of his fine he-man, knock-him-down-sailor parts—an odd jumble.

The cinema over, Lolotte asked if I would care to meet the Prince. I said I'd be delighted, and we went to a Russian restaurant, where a fine young Cossack stood in his national dress at the door. The Prince—for it was he—was certainly a man one could imagine even a girl like Lolotte loving. Lolotte is both particular and romantic; she must often have had in her mind the picture of this young Don Cossack aristocrat as he used to be riding at the head of his wild cavalry, when she was with him.

Charming people both of them—each exiles from countries not long ago at war, each penniless. Here, it seemed, was true romance. "Waiter, a bottle of your champagne!" Now let us gather round a table, the three of us, fill our glasses to the brim. And you, my fine young Cossack cavalry man, with your hard, clean-cut features and mouth that could be slightly cruel, may things go well with you. You have someone very wonderful sitting opposite to you, with that charming face over which dark curls fall. See, already

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her eyes are like fire as they look at you. You will be lucky if you are ever loved by any other woman in your life as you are now. Let us lift and drain our glasses to this Paris, which heaven made for lovers; and now it's time to go, for there are other places to visit yet.

Adrienne's Bar will be open, of course, and here a man can go and enjoy himself quite well provided Madame Adrienne approves him as a customer.

For Adrienne's, unlike the Café du Dome or restaurants where Russian Princes are, is truly Paris. A man need only prop himself against the bar, let Antonio fill his glass, drink down the subtly exhilarating wine, and breathe in the very essence of the city's charm. Those two pretty girls over there, very plentifully bejewelled, have come in entirely to enjoy themselves. They have their boy friends somewhere, no doubt, but this evening have gone out as chaps together; and what better place could they choose than Adrienne's little rose-red bar, with its soft music and the genial Antonio. That young Frenchman over there, who has taken a straw in each hand, is a flying "ace." He pretends he is a picador, leaps into the centre of the room, and deftly places both straws through the hair of a girl as she dances round. The action is so funny and impromptu that everybody laughs. One could stay on in Adrienne's a long time watching all the different by-play, but there is just one more port of call, one more comrade of old days, I want to see.

The Chop du Nègre in the Rue du Faubourg de Montmartre. Here, surely, all the races of the world may be encountered, and here Ninon comes at times—a Paris street arab and one of the whitest of the white. Did she not take a friend of mine, who had to catch a boat for India and was completely drunk, to the Gare de Lyon and put him in the train with all his money—and this at the end of a day when she had had precious little to eat herself.

Ninon adores champagne, and shall most certainly drink her share of a bottle this night. There she is, in her very bright red hat, with those keen, brown eyes and the dimpled, determined chin. She is in great spirits, for things have been going much better with her of late; also, the man she really loves has just come to Paris. You see, in Paris everybody "really loves" somebody else, but you do not get to hear about this unless you know Paris pretty well.

We chat awhile, then Ninon says good-night. Just as she is going to leave she points out to me an immensely fat man drinking Munich beer and eating sausages and sauerkraut.

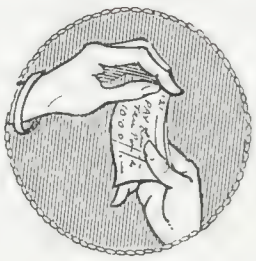
"He said that he would like to ask me to have supper with him this evening," says Ninon, "but that he did not know how to explain his absence to his aunt. So I tell him to tell her . . ."

"What?" I said, not quite catching what she said the first time, for Ninon's argot is not always very intelligible.

"Tell your aunt you have been to see a boxing match between two niggers in a tunnel."

After which sally, though Ninon has departed, one can really do nothing else but call for another pint.

A. M.



THE GIGOLO

By MANVILLE KEITH

THOUGH I can view the Gigolo,
So softly smart, so sweetly trim,
Without the slightest wish to go
And take a running kick at him,
Some fellows of the baser sort,
Crude men, who more than likely may go
And join in vulgar outdoor sport,
Will tersely dub him "Dirty Dago."

Yet Life is hard to those whose feet
Are set on the "TangOnly Way,"
With gay She-Ancients whom you meet
'Twixt midnight and the break of day,
For often are his pleasures baulked
And gone is all his gay abandon
On finding he's been served with corked
Pol Roger, Mumm or Moët-Chandon.

And often when his work is done
Poor Gigolo finds to his cost
That dames who do not tip but run
Can make the warmest dance a "frost,"
For evening shirt and tie and cuff
Cost money to be kept pure snow-like,
And grandmammas get in a huff
If swallow-tails aren't Savile-Row like.

That adage trite, "Respect Old Age,"
Was taught us in our childhood days,
And Gigolo, the slickly sage,
Knows well that "woman always pays."
So, since among our old "has beens"
We find those who, despite Time's freckles,
Still can't forsake their Argen-teens,
He'll brave their shackles for their shekels.

BY KETTLEWELL

THE ' GIGOLO

A "BURNING BI

"George, dear, with your courage and *my* red

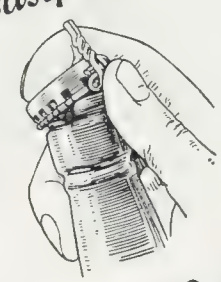
BY JOHN GORDGE

BRIGHT" IDEA!

red hair, shan't I look a dream wearing him!"

A legacy from the Good Old days —

Now fitted with the NEW CAP *so easy to open*



— just lift the little lever

DEWAR'S
WHISKY

World-famed for its traditional quality

JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD., PERTH & LONDON

PARISIANA

By René

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"They will have to be natty dancers"

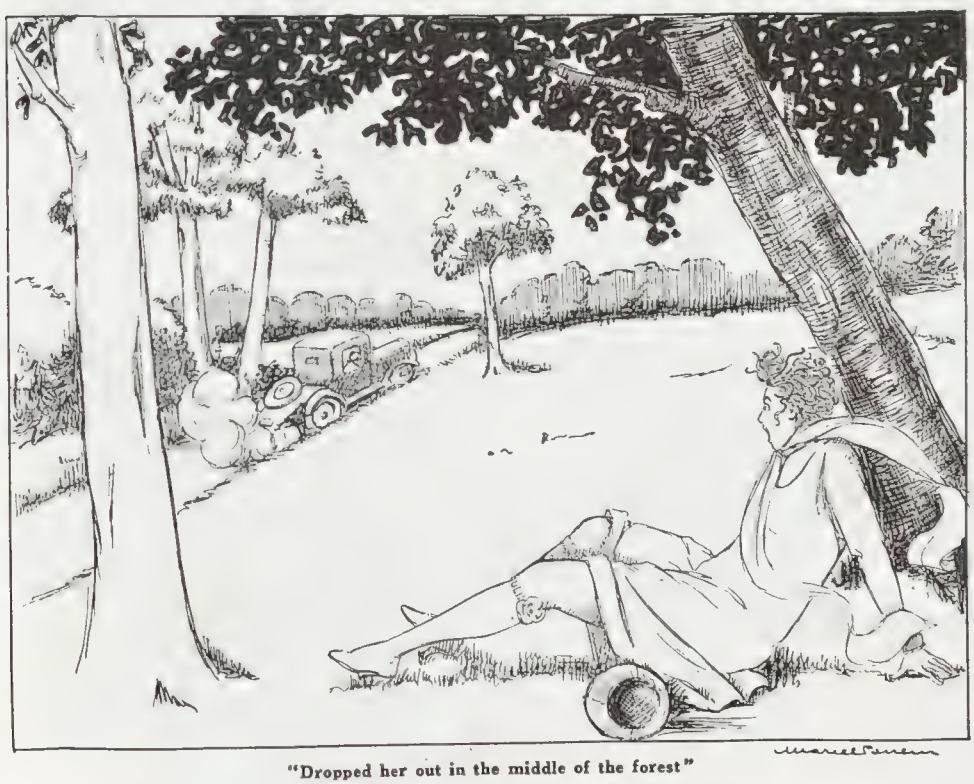
MES AMIS,

THOUGH the information may surprise you, Paris is a great place for associations with a worthy object. There is an *Œuvre* for the Protection of This, an *Œuvre* for the Salvation of That, and an *Œuvre* for the Prevention—or, alternatively, the Redemption—of the Other. So numerous are they, *en effet*, that we thought we had provided for everything and everybody, from the stage of the nursery to that of the nonagenarian. But we have just come to appreciate that there is an association *qui nous manque*.

WHEN lonely, and therefore unprotected, *jeunes filles* arrive at a Paris terminus from some distant province there are philanthropic matrons awaiting them to warn them against the wolves that hide in the corners of great cities, seeking for the sort of easy prey that is provided by such ewe lambs. These maternal persons urge them to go to homes, where they will be beyond the reach of the claws. They are frequently successful and, admittedly, serve a very useful purpose.

BUT we have had cause to realise that the "isolated" *jeune fille* is far from being the species which has most need of the enveloping care of a protective association. The most deserving case is that of the wealthy and maturing American woman who comes to Paris without her husband. Towards her are directed the most sinister among the perils of Paris. You will have heard of the latest illustration, that of an American in the later forties who made the acquaintance in Montmartre of a handsome black-haired young man, who claimed to have sold a car to her husband, offered to motor her to a smart restaurant on the famous terrace at Saint-Germain, then dropped her out in the middle of the forest after appropriating her jewels.

WELL, hardly a week passes without a misadventure of this sort being recorded. These isolated "young things" from America, seeking consolation for their loneliness in the society of raven-haired young men whose facility in flattery is even superior to that of their footwork on the *parquet* are the most "easy meat" that ever toddled into the clutches of the glib-tongued, oily-haired rascals whom the Prefect is trying to clear out of Montmartre.



"Dropped her out in the middle of the forest"

ONE phrase about the quality of their dancing and another about the charm of their company and they are ready victims for these cunning lads, who have polished their own dancing and their manners as aids to the more serious business of acquiring wealth by simple expropriation. Obviously these American hay-widows should never be allowed out alone at night in Paris. If they must be without their husbands — because Hiram needs to remain at home to amass the dollars— then they should be shepherded around by the delegates of an *Œuvre* constituted for their protection. But the

delegates will have to be natty dancers and able to paste on the adulation without the tremor of an eyelid. Otherwise they will never hold their jobs as Minders of Mommers.

S

THOUGH we were aware, by the way, of the existence of scores of associations, few of us knew of one which has just come into the picture through a propaganda organ issued from Orleans. This is entitled the "International Association of Combat," *contre la jalousie sexuelle et l'exclusivisme en amour*, a very intriguing title. We should certainly wonder what it was all about, but for the fact that the propagandists set this out at great length, in the hope of obtaining adherents. Their organ, they announce, is designed for education, and realisation, of individualistic and anarchistic *camaraderie*.

S

THIS is altogether different, they say, from *amour libre*. *Amour libre* as it prevails, they explain, allows place for caprice, jealousy, coquetry, and similar inconveniences — all disagreeable features which they want to abolish. Their anarchistic plan also differs from the *union libre*, which bold pioneers have already tried, in that it includes "plurality." Their *camaraderie* provides for absolute equality of the sexes, with acknowledgment of the right to transfer of affections whenever one of the *camarades* may feel the inclination towards a change.

S

DROPPING into "Charley's," where they make the only blue cocktail that is known, I listened to the story of a motorist, an Englishman, who is distinctly peeved against a local administration. He seems to have reason, for this is what happened. He was motoring near the Bois de Vincennes, on the outskirts of Paris, in the forenoon. I emphasise the forenoon to remove all suspicion that the adventure followed a night-out in Montmartre, or anything of that sort. He was, in fact, coming down to his office in the city, and quite alert in view of prospective profits on an impending deal.

"There are philanthropic matrons"

S

NEAR the Bois he had to traverse a crossing, a very spacious crossing, so spacious, in fact, that nobody would anticipate any trouble there, especially at that time of the day. Consequently, he paid attention only to the roads on his right, which is according to the French rule of right-hand priority, and, seeing nothing, forged ahead. Then he suddenly felt a terrific bump, and when he recovered consciousness a few minutes later he found himself, and the remains of his car, pinned to an old oak of the Vincennes Bois.

S

WHEN the police arrived to record the details of the accident there was no difficulty about fixing the responsibility, as a driver coming from the left is in the wrong automatically, *prima facie* and *nem. con.* So the Englishman felt he was well out of it, not being really hurt, while the car was covered by insurance. But he has now received a bill from a hitherto unknown department claiming Fr.17.50 for damages to the tree! He feels this is inconsiderate and unkind.

RENÉ.

THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL ON THE SOMME *Central Press*

Lord Cavan photographed inspecting officers of the Brigade of Guards at the unveiling at Les Bœufs of the granite cross in memory of the 7000 soldiers of the Guards' Division who fell in the fighting of 1916. The unveiling was performed by Major-General Sir Geoffrey Feilding

Central News

Taking a hurdle in the 120 Yards High Hurdles. J. D. F. GREEN (Peterhouse), the winner, is on the right

Expressions of the Strenuous Life at Fenner's

G.P.U.

T. MARTIN (Peterhouse)
Winning the High Jump

Sport and General

B. H. PAGE (Peterhouse)
Finishing first in the Mile

L.N.A.

J. D. BEST (Queen's)
The winner of the Half Mile

G.P.U.

R. D. HEATON (Queen's)
Who won the Long Jump

AMONG the earliest of the athletic term's fixtures at Cambridge was the Inter-Collegiate Freshmen's Trials, in which Selwyn, Queen's and Peterhouse took part. The expression of stern endeavour shown by the competitors, or, if we may be allowed the expression, the "Fenner's Face," has been caught very successfully by the camera

REPUTATION

By

ARNOLD PAGE

Illustrations by NICOLAS BENTLEY

Lois Clare it was, so they say, who first started the rumour—if rumour it could be called at that early stage—which came near to wrecking the bright young lives of Jimmie Brandon and Daphne, to say nothing of their respective and collective reputations. Jimmie was a member of one of the most advanced groups of Chelsea painters, which, regarding the Cubists as old-fashioned and the Futurists as living on their past, had developed a technique of their own, lead by George Farthing, who was, as the critics said, the most brilliant colourist among the younger painters.

Yet all that Lois had ever said—and no one disputed this—was: "Have you heard about Daphne Hurst and Jimmie?"

That was all she had *said*. But she had said it with a slight raising of the eyebrows, a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders, and a half-pitying, half-derisive smile, which left one with the pleasantly uncomfortable feeling that something very recherché in the way of scandals might shortly be expected in connection with Jimmie Brandon and Daphne Hurst. Yet when besought with tears and pleadings by her dearest friends to confide in them just what *she* had heard concerning the twain, Lois was exasperatingly discreet.

"Oh, well," she said, "of course, if you haven't heard, I can't tell you."

Which, naturally, was the worst possible thing she could have said, short of telling what she knew. Always supposing, as George Farthing said, she knew anything at all.

"For it's my opinion," George told her, "that the whole thing's a stumor of your own invention, my dear. You're just jealous of Daphne, and that's all about it."

"Me! Jealous of Daphne!" cried Lois. "Well!"

"Aren't you?" asked George, deftly applying some nice purple shadows to a mountain.

Lois was so furious that George planted a tree in the foreground of his picture before she became articulate. Which was lucky for George, because it was late afternoon and the light was fading, and by the time he had got rid of Lois the light had gone altogether.

"You've invented it," George had repeated, as he put her out of his studio. "Now go away before I forget that I was brought up to be a little gentleman."

"I've not invented anything," Lois had retorted, almost crying with rage. "What have I invented?"

"A peg for other people to hang lies on, if you want to know," George had said, and then locked his studio door.

It was the morning after this that Jimmie Brandon blew into George's studio. George was putting a sunset into his picture when Jimmie entered.

"Hullo," said Jimmie; and then, before he'd even closed the door: "You've got too much blue in that picture."

"I know," said George; "it was going to be a nocturne, but I changed my mind. What's this they're saying about you and Daphne?"

"I don't know; but whatever it is, it's not true, and I don't like those shadows of yours, George."

"I know," agreed George, squeezing a whole tube of paint on to his palette; "I'll have to make 'em a bit colder because of the sunset. But touching this other matter, Lois Clare is going around saying, 'Have you heard about Jim and Daphne?' Well, I haven't, and I want to know what it is I ought to have heard."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

THE BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

" That," replied Jimmie, as he deposited his six feet of youthful manhood on the divan and helped himself to one of George's cigarettes, " is the very thing I'm trying to find out myself."

" I suppose you and Daphne haven't been doing anything —er—particularly silly? " suggested George, proceeding to take the warmth out of his shadows.

" What the deuce do you mean? " demanded Jimmie, sitting up rather suddenly.

" Well, there are certain traditions, so to speak——"

" Damn the traditions! " exploded Jimmie with astonishing violence. " You may call them that, but I call them conventions, for that's all they are."

" Meaning? " suggested George.

" Meaning? Oh, well, you may as well have it. Daphne and I recently came to the conclusion that we had a right to live our own lives in our own way. This tyranny of convention——"

" Oh," said George Farthing, " so that's it, is it? You've broken loose."

" All the same," went on Jimmie, a trifle scared at having betrayed himself, " we don't think it necessary to advertise our—our—— "

" One of the most advanced groups of Chelsea painters "

" Indiscretion? "

" Yes, if you like to put it that way."

" I don't blame a man," said George, " for living up to his principles, supposing he's got any. But I've no sympathy for the idiot who blazons the fact abroad, seeking a cheap martyrdom. There's neither honour nor profit in it."

" I haven't. But that doesn't alter the fact that Lois Clare seems to have got hold of the story somehow."

" Nip her in the bud, my son. Publish it abroad that Lois is a little liar—which she undoubtedly is, God forgive her—and is simply out to make trouble. For when all's said and done, she's a venomous little cat, is Lois Clare, and ought to be spanked. And she can't have any proof, or she wouldn't have stopped at hints."

" I've a jolly good mind," said Jimmie savagely, " to tell the truth and defy the whole crowd."

" James, don't be a silly ass. Truth is too precious a thing to be used recklessly. Besides, you can't afford to cut yourself adrift from the group yet. And there's Daphne's aunt, don't forget."

" I wish to heaven I could," groaned Jimmie, pitching the stub of his cigarette into the stove and taking another. " She gives me a pain every time I see her."

" Don't be ungrateful, she buys our pictures."

" She's an outsize in snobs. She'd take up cannibalism if it happened to be the *mode*. And she'd drop us and our pictures like a hot potato, if—if——"

" James, you are becoming embittered, and that is the finger-post to failure. Moreover, and worse still, you are hindering my work, which is being specially executed to the order of a super-bloated profiteer whose wife, God bless her, has aspirations but no aspirates. Take council with yourself and then spread it abroad that Lois Clare is virginal. She'll be kept so busy denying the calumny that she'll have no time left for you and Daphne. I," said George, waving a paint-brush towards the door, " have spoken."

. . . .

GRAVELY pondering this matter, Jimmie Brandon went back to his studio. But scarcely had he entered and shut the door when it burst open, and Daphne, whose studio adjoined his, rushed in. Her face—you will see it if you look at George Farthing's well-known " Madonna " in Lord Tancred's collection, or at Guy Mabron's " Sweet and Pensive," the copyright of which was bought for a fabulous sum by a firm of beauty-cream specialists—her face was white and betrayed extreme agitation.

" Jimmie," she cried, " someone's been in my studio! "

" Eh? " said Jimmie, pausing in the act of removing a sheet from a large canvas, " what do you mean? "

" Someone's been in my studio, Jimmie," repeated Daphne in a tragic voice. " They've been to my bureau."

As his eyes met Daphne's, Jimmie's face paled.

" Oh, good Lord! " he exclaimed. " If they've seen——"

" It's something worse than seeing. I put the box safely away in my bureau, and now it's not there! " cried Daphne despairingly, and almost dragged him into her studio.

The floor of it was littered with papers, books, paint-brushes, old canvases, and all the odds and ends which accumulate in the dusty corners of studios. A curtain, hastily pulled aside, disclosed a big double-bed with, beside it, a wardrobe, the door of which, being open, revealed a selection of garments of both sexes.

"You didn't *find* the place like this, did you?" asked Jimmie, horror-stricken.

"No, I shouldn't have known anyone had been here if I hadn't gone to my bureau this morning——"

Jimmie had gone down on his hands and knees and was rummaging feverishly among the debris on the floor.

"They're certainly not here," he said presently. "Are you absolutely certain you kept them in your bureau?"

"Positive. They were in a pastel box."

"Well, if Lois Clare's pinched them, we're done for," he groaned. "No use trying to deny the guilty secret then."

"Of course she's pinched them," declared Daphne. "Nothing else could explain why she's going about with that cattish smile on her face saying, 'Have you heard about Jim and Daphne?' Oh, why didn't I have the lock on this door mended!" and the tears welled up into her soft grey eyes—the eyes which inspired Guy Mabron to paint "Sweet and Pensive," and which may be seen almost any day on any hoarding, gazing with tender seriousness upon the passing traffic.

"We'll have to disappear, that's all," said Jimmie gloomily. "We'd better pack up and clear off to Cornwall as quickly as possible."

"And just as you were making a name for yourself," sighed Daphne. "In another year you'd have become as popular as George Farthing. Oh, *why* did we do it, Jimmie?"

Jimmie turned on her almost savagely.

"Then you regret it already?"

"Only for your sake, Jimmie; I don't matter. It's *your* reputation——"

"Oh, damn my reputation! And, anyway, we took the risk with our eyes open, so I suppose we oughtn't to grumble at the consequences of being found out. But it's good-bye to aunty's boodle."

Soon there was no longer any need for Lois Clare to whisper to her friends: "Have you heard about Jim and Daphne?" Everyone was doing it. From Bohemia, whose confines are not geographical, but which exists wherever two or more artists are gathered together, the story spread to Mayfair, which now has a mandate over Chelsea. It penetrated even to St. John's Wood, where live the *élite*, to whom Chelsea is but a place you reach with difficulty *via* Sloane Square, and Mayfair no more than a polite euphemism for Pimlico. And thus it presently reached the ears of Daphne's aunt, who lived in St. John's Wood at a point where it just escapes being Swiss Cottage.

"But," declared Daphne's aunt almost tearfully to George Farthing, "it *can't* be true. Daphne would never dream of doing anything so—so *bourgeois*."

"If gossip is to be believed," said George, "some of the best people are doing it now. It's considered," he added, taking a long shot for Jimmie's sake, "to be absolutely the *dernier cri*."

"'I,' said George, waving a paint-brush towards the door, 'have spoken'"

. . . . .

But Daphne's aunt wasn't to be put off that way. If this preposterous story about Jimmie Brandon and her niece were true, it would affect seriously her own position as a patroness of advanced art. Bohemia would laugh at her, even though she bought its pictures more lavishly than ever. For, of course, the dear old thing had no suspicion that Bohemia had been laughing at her for the last ten years, saying, and not with injustice, that Lady Ponsfort knew no more about art than does a mushroom.

"If this *is* true," declared her ladyship, "though I can't yet bring myself to believe it, I shall simply disown Daphne."

George swore on his palette that it was not so, for he was a loyal friend and it hurt him grievously to think that Daphne should lose her aunt's good thousands for an indiscretion which, when all's said and done, has been tolerated and condoned since the beginning of civilisation. Even so, he feared the worst, for Jimmie had confided to him under seal of secrecy the precise nature of the articles which had so mysteriously disappeared from Daphne's studio.

"If it turns out to be true," said Daphne's aunt, "I shall cut Daphne off with a shilling, and now may I ask the price of that picture of a volcano in eruption?"

"That," replied George, "is not a volcano in eruption, but the sun setting over the Ural Mountains. And," he added spitefully, "it's not for sale."

"Thank you," said Daphne's aunt. "Good morning, Mr. Farthing."

"Good morning, Lady Ponsfort," retorted George. "And I should wait before cutting off the shilling—I mean before cutting off Daphne with it—until you are certain that this ridiculous rumour is true."

(*Continued on page 254*)

THE FIRST ALL-TALKING FILM

OLGA REDMAYNE (MAY McAVOY) IN THE GRIP OF THE TERROR

DR. REDMAYNE (ALEC B. FRANCIS), WHO OWNS THE TERROR-HAUNTED MONKSHALL TAVERN

OLGA REDMAYNE IS TERRIFIED BY WEIRD NOISES, WHICH ARE ALSO AUDIBLE TO THE AUDIENCE

"THE TERROR," the first full-length, all-talking film made its bow — and as it is an Edgar Wallace thriller, gave its inaugural shrieks—at the Piccadilly Theatre last week. Mr. Wallace, Mr. Roy del Ruth, the producer, and the Vitaphone between them have combined in producing what is an unusually thrilling, somewhat weird, and certainly very interesting entertainment

(Continued from page 252)

"I shall," said her ladyship, "use my own judgment and thank you, Mr. Farthing."

But that wasn't the whole of the trouble caused by Lois Clare's whispered insinuations, or even the greater part of it. The group to which Jimmie Brandon belonged, and in which he was making his name, was immensely jealous of its reputation. It had to be, for it was the most prominent, the most discussed and the most successful of all the little groups, cliques and "schools" in Chelsea. And people with money, people who aspired to be thought ultra-smart, and who lived in black and gold bedrooms with drawing-rooms very much after Mr. Gordon Craig, simply plastered their walls with the pictures of this group. It was the *mode* and absolutely the right thing, and you simply didn't count unless you did it. No wonder, therefore, that members of the group had to conduct themselves with circumspection and a proper regard for what was expected of them.

Faced as he was with the threat of expulsion from the group, Jimmie stoutly denied the shameful accusation now almost openly levelled against him. Yet the only step that could save him and confound his enemies, which was to challenge them to bring forward proofs, he dared not take. The thought of that wretched little pastel box and its incriminating contents which, he suspected, Lois Clare was ready to produce at the right dramatic moment, made a challenge impossible. Sometimes the strain become almost more than he could bear, and it was with the greatest difficulty that George Farthing prevented him from blurting out the truth and telling the whole group to go to blazes.

"Better," declared Jimmie bitterly, "throw in my hand and have the satisfaction of ruining myself, instead of waiting for Lois Clare to do it."

"But," retorted George, "she may not have the proofs."

"Whether she has or not, I can't stand the suspense much longer," said Jimmie. "It's cramping my style abominably. I can't work, I can't sleep, and I can't enjoy my drinks. Whereas if I owned up and got the thing off my chest, there'd be an end of it."

"And of you," said George, "to say nothing of Daphne."

"We should go away together, and together we'd start afresh."

"My son, you talk like a novel written for the edification of middle-class youth. You ought to know better. So far, it's your word against the others. Let Lois produce the proofs and then take the bit between your teeth if you feel like it. But don't burn your bridges before you come to them."

"I'm fed up," grumbled Jimmie, "with art and the group. "It's composed," he went on with symptoms of approaching violence, "of a lot of humbugs and *poseurs*. One or two of us *can* paint, but the rest couldn't produce a reasonably passable pub sign—and they know it."

. . . . . .

SAYING which, Jimmie Brandon stalked out of the studio, slamming the door after him with quite unnecessary violence. And presently, tired out and full of ill-will towards all men, he reached his own studio, which was on the top floor and possessed, besides a north light, an uninterrupted and unique vista of Chelsea chimney-pots, than which, some people say, there is nothing more inspiring to the true artist.

As he entered Daphne sprang up from a cushion in front of the fire.

"Jimmie," she cried, "it's all right! We're saved!"

"Saved?" repeated Jimmie stupidly, for he was very tired and his head ached.

"Yes. Lois hasn't got that box. She can't prove anything. It's here. It somehow got wedged between the drawer and the back of the bureau."

She produced and opened a flat cardboard box and took from it a wedding ring and a marriage certificate.

"Then we *are* saved!" gasped Jimmie. "Without these no one can prove that we're legally married. Tomorrow I'll take them to the bank, where they'll be as safe as my overdraft. And now," he added, taking Daphne in his arms, "we can look the world in the face once more. Kiss me, Daphne." A. P.

Express Photo

THE YOUNG IDEA

Delia (left), Diana, and Joan, the three daughters of Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, M.F.H., the Master of the Old Berkeley, who are already riding to hounds. The photograph was taken at their home, Chardeloes, at Amersham

Some Amateur Soccer Clubs

BY MAC

No. 5—THE BANK OF ENGLAND

One has only to watch a first XI match on their fine ground at Roehampton to realise that the Bank of England are a power to be reckoned with on the Soccer field. Indeed, a record for an Amateur club was established last season when the first XI won the A.F.A. Senior Cup and the Reserves the A.F.A. Junior Cup

MESSAGES FOR MARS

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Americans are buying all our art treasures"

LONDON, *October* 29.

DEAR COUSIN,

I WONDER what Mars'll think of us if we ever get to know each other, as they're trying to do with these wireless messages and things. Don't quite know whether I so terribly want to know *them* if the men are seven and a half feet high and the women six feet, and they have names like Oonaruru and Pawleenoos (see revelations of eminent Psychical Researcher, who says he's heard all about 'em by special spirit messenger, or words to that effect). But just possibly they may derive some quiet fun or amusement out of us and our little ways too, what?

I MEAN, rather entertainingish things do seem to keep on happening here, don't they, with more or less unfailing regularity. As, for instance, the elderly gents with whiskers—at least, I think they must be—who positively hate anything even mildly humorous (unless p'raps something in the way of a knockabout turn on the halls). Like the one who's been roused and stirred to fearful indignant fury by poor dear little Sir James Barrie's really rather brightest effort the other day about pretending to have met Mary Queen of Scots. And wellnigh foams at the mouth over said J. M. B.'s travesty of the truth and abuse of history, and all the rest of it. Aren't some people quite too delightfully funny?

QUITE on the amusing side, too, the way they keep on keeping on about Society, with large S, and what terrible things it apparently does. How, alas! no one seemingly's got any home life any more, and we live in restaurants most of the time, when it isn't at night-clubs—rubbing shoulders, as one of our Warning Prophets hath it, who tell us all about it for our good, with Jezebels and jockeys. Nicely put, is not it? and, by the way, *are* jockeys so terribly immoral? Always gathered, myself, that they were rather respectable little lads about four feet high, who spent most of their time in Turkish baths keeping down their weight till they finally retired and married the trainer's daughter . . . but you see what a lot of unsuspected Vice there is stalking around. And we've got very little manners, if any, and there's a social mist enveloping us that's like a November fog with its murky patches—really most distressing, is not it? Though when the bright October sun shines, or even a crisp November one . . . well, more puzzled smiles for Mars, methinks.

"Quite unfit for great aunts to read"

"Elderly gents with whiskers"

RATHER a pity in a way, though, perhaps, they hadn't invented anyway something of the sort in 1850, which was when everything happened in Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* that I've just been seeing Mrs. Patrick Campbell in. Did seem to *brood* so terribly over things the women in those days did over their emotions and passions, and so on—it'd really have been better if they'd had more oddments of some sort or another to occupy their minds, however seemingly futile or trivial. A fine play, all the same, and some splendid acting at the Q, where I saw it.

Hay Wrightson

MISS BETTY HODGES

The only daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Hodges and Lady Hodges, who is to marry Lieutenant Anthony Kimmins, R.N. The wedding will take place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on December 12

Lafayette

MISS DAUGHNE BUTLER

Who is to marry Lieutenant C. B. Stracey-Clitherow, R.N., is the only daughter of the late Hon. Francis Butler and the Hon. Mrs. Francis Butler

Hay Wrightson

MISS KATHLEEN MURIEL HOOD

The youngest of the three daughters of Sir Joseph Hood. She is engaged to Mr. Thomas Percival Durant Beighton, eldest son of the late Mr. T. D. Beighton, I.C.S., and Mrs. A. E. Saltren-Willett

"The Engagement is Announced—"

Angus Faith

Bassano

MISS ELIZABETH HAY

The daughter of Major Malcolm V. Hay, of Seaton, and Mrs. Hay, who is to marry Mr. Arnold Wienholt Hodson, C.M.G., in Aberdeen, on November 15. Mr. Hodson was appointed Governor of the Falkland Islands and Dependencies last year.

MISS CHARLOTTE PORTAL

The daughter of Brig.-General B. P. Portal and the Hon. Mrs. Portal, of Basingstoke, who is engaged to Mr. R. J. Longfield, R.A. Her fiancé is A.D.C. to H.E. Lord Goschen, Governor of Madras

Hay Wrightson

MISS GENEVIEVE LINDSAY WATSON

Daughter of the late Mr. William Lindsay Watson and Mrs. Lindsay Watson, whose engagement has been announced to Captain Geoffrey Howard Bull, Grenadier Guards. Her fiancé is A.D.C. to the G.O.C. London District

Saw rather a nice film at the Capitol, by the way, "His House In Order"—you know, celebrated though ancient play by Sir Arthur Pinero of the eyebrows, but in screen version has got the modernest and last-momentest of heroines in the one and only Tallulah. But somewhat quaint to behold her shingled and smoking cigarettes and in latest frocks in such a *very* old-and-crusted drama. Rather style of Hollywood, what!—the place where the girls all go hoping to be stars and end as waitresses.

卐

Apropos of America, U.S. dollar kings still buying up our British treasures apparently, including MS. of "Alice in Wonderland," that they say some Big Noise of the Gramophone World's just purchased for the small sum of £30,000 or so. Some very tidy little profits there've been made, too, on the quiet over some of these banned books that are said to be quite unfit for any of our grandfathers or great-aunts to read. . .

卐

Simply wonderfully looked after in the way of morals, aren't we—one sort, at any rate. And even when someone discovers a possible *double entendre* in a song or two at a music-hall like the Palladium, lo and behold! there arise loud wails from the tabbies of Tooting. But that bold, bad thing, Delysia, actually says yes, her songs are naughty, but they're nice, and the manager even goes so far as to declare it's not his policy to run a "milk-and-watery" programme—so whatever are we coming to, I ask you?

"Rubbing shoulders with Jezebels and jockeys"

卐

Which reminds me, talking of 'orrible warnings and denunciations, I mean, very latest peril of life, it seems, is the (once so deemed) harmless necessary veg. Which is really rather sad for all of us, but I positively tremble to think what's going to happen to G. B. S. and Mr. Eustace Miles. Unless, perchance, they go in for a diet of mutton made up to look like lentils, and chicken as mock celery, and so on, what?

卐

Just been reading, by the way, of the wonderful miracles the men cooks achieve eastwards in that nice new book, "Egypt for the Sojourner," by Gladys Peto. Which tells you just exactly what you want to know about everything you want to know of in that seemingly quite fascinating land of sunshine and tarbooshes, whither the exodus begins, for them that know, about the end of next month as ever is. White mosques, a pale-green Nile, gorgeous sunsets—I positively must buy my ticket straight away, even if I have to spend all my (possible) Cambridgeshire winnings for the binge.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette.

Bystander Bridge

On Being a Substitute

By A. E. Manning Foster

It is laid down in the laws that any player who is obliged to leave the table before the rubber is concluded may, with the consent of the other three players, appoint a substitute.

The situation arises constantly in club card-rooms. A player suddenly realises that he must go at once to catch a train, or he must be in time for dinner. He has promised his wife to be punctual, and she will be furious if he is late again, as the pheasants will be spoilt. Or he has to go to a theatre and must dine early. Anyway, he has to get away in a fearful turmoil and bustle, and he asks a man sitting out to take his place.

He is in such a hurry that he does not dream of waiting to hear whether the appointment of the substitute will be satisfactory to his partner and opponents. Not a bit of it. He is off before you can say "knife," and forgets to pay his card money and drink bill on the way out.

But the other three, being perfect little gentlemen and not wanting to appear churlish, accept the substitute for better or for worse.

. . . . . .

It is sometimes very hard on the partner of the dear departed when he happens to choose as substitute the biggest duffer in the company, the one man whom one is hoping always never to cut.

But that is the fortune of war, and I must say this for the sporting spirit that in all my misspent years of card-playing I have never yet seen any player refuse to accept an appointed substitute.

It may be equally hard on the opponents when the substitute selected is the best player in the club and the lamented departed is the worst. What is one to do about it?

The answer is nothing. One must take the rough with the smooth and grin and bear it. However, when you lose a rubber which you think you might have won but for the presence of this substitute, you begin to feel it is a hard life, and wonder if you should not be more adamant in enforcing laws.

. . . . . .

The position of the substitute is also not without its difficulties. You are playing B, and you know that B is a flag-flier of the most lurid description. He won't let the rubber go.

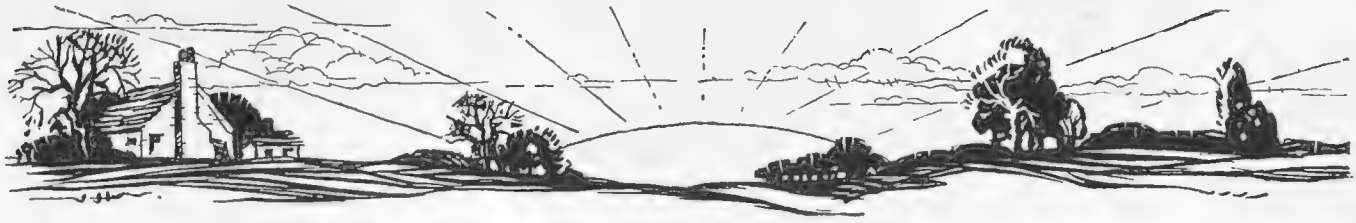
What are you to do? Are you to adopt his tactics and keep the game alive, or are you to play your own naturally sound game?

Whichever course you adopt you may be sure you will not be thanked by him later if he has to pay up on a big rubber or by his partner. If you win for him he will take it as a matter of course. If you lose for him he will think all the time that he would have done better if he had stayed.

I remember a particularly bitter case. I had lost seven rubbers in succession, and was hoping to play a final one before dinner, when I was asked to be a substitute for a man who was called away suddenly on the telephone. I could not refuse. I am not romancing. This is hard fact. I held the cards of a lifetime and made two grand slams, with a hundred aces and five honours in Spades.

But the rich man whose substitute I was took the boodle!

The *rôle* of the substitute is indeed hard!



— a glorious summer's gone ...

AND NOW—The dull, dark days, the foggy nights begin to take their toll of energy. To combat them you must have health. To have health you must have *pure* food.

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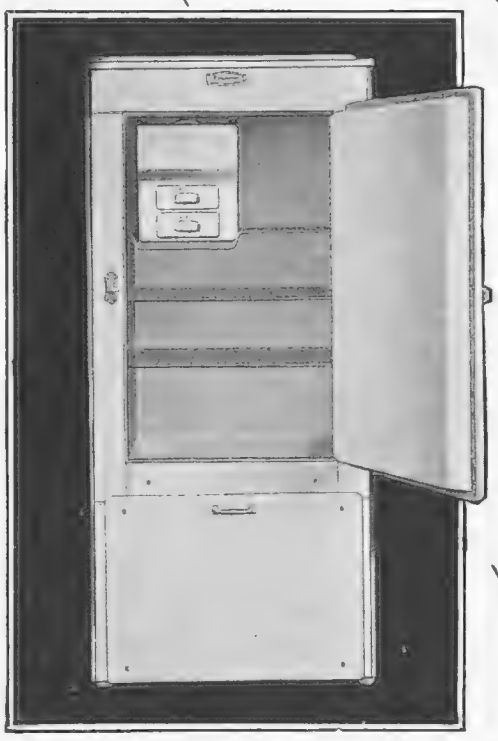

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A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

SHADES of dear bonneted and corseted Mrs. Grundy! If only the old lady were alive to-day! If only we could have her honest opinion of the two novels which have tied me down to my armchair for the best part of a week-end! But I dare not suppose that she would have read more than a very few pages of either Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point* (Chatto and Windus: 10*s.* 6*d.*) or Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). She would have ordered her butler to remove them with a pair of tongs. To-day, of course, we can thankfully accept them for what they are—works of real distinction and originality and (what is not always the necessary corollary) sparklingly entertaining.

Take the Huxley book first. Six hundred pages of it; and what, you ask, is it all about? Is there a story? What does its title signify? And why would Mrs. Grundy have summoned her butler? Well, there *is* a sort of story, but it is really compounded of a score of different stories, nearly all of which Mrs. Grundy's most strenuous opponents would have called "singularly improper." Like life, it is a curious medley. I am probably not wrong when I say that the idea which one of the characters, a novelist, has for a new book is similar to Mr. Huxley's own. "That's what I want to put in this book," says Quarles; "the astonishingness of the most ordinary things. Really any plot or situation would do . . . The whole book could be written about a walk from Piccadilly Circus to Charing Cross." As it is, the whole book is written round about a few people who happen to be invited to one of Lady Edward Tantamount's musical parties in London. Some novels, says Quarles, are "solid and deep"; others are "wide and liquid." *Point Counter Point* is extremely wide and unmistakably liquid. Strong liquid. Spirituous liquid, in fact.

You remember in the old conjuring shows how the "professor" would keep a dozen plates turning at the same time uncomfortably on their edges? Mr. Huxley follows his example—with the only difference that his plates are men and women. Each has to be attended to at the right moment, and each has his, or her (generally amorous), antics to claim your attention. As a result you have an alluring panorama.

Alluring, and sometimes uncomfortably tense, but at times queerly provocative. With the exception of old Lord Edward, who feels very strongly about phosphorus and his Communist secretary, everybody seems to be obsessed by sex. In these days, I know, that is the most usual obsession, and it is well to be honest about it. But Mr. Huxley is so keen to be honest as sometimes to defeat his own object. His "ordinary" people are too one-sided. And is it absolutely necessary to go into so many unpleasant details?

What is important is the fact that there emerge from this panorama a score or more of human beings, loving, lusting, fighting, or dreaming—doing, in fact, the "ordinary" things—and not one of them but haunts you after the curtain has been rung down. It is a bold and boisterous and brilliant book which leaves you a-tingle.

❋

AND then there is young Evelyn Waugh's most gorgeous joke. What is one to say of it? He himself disagrees with his publishers, who apparently wanted to label it "a shocking novelette." He merely says that it is meant to be funny. A bold pronouncement. And yet it *is* uproariously funny, far too funny to be anything else.

Decline and Fall contains a wholly preposterous story about wholly preposterous people, and yet there is never a moment when you are not genuinely interested in their adventures. You know that "a really nice young man" like Paul Pennyfeather could not be sent down from Oxford because he is "debagged" during a rag, but when this happens you only laugh and wonder why nobody before Mr. Waugh devised such an interesting situation. You know that the school in Wales to which he goes as usher could never exist, but you cheerfully accept it as the one school to which Paul ought to have gone. You meet the depraved Captain Grimes, and, for all your fastidiousness, are delighted to know him. And then when Paul leaves to get married to the rich and fashionable mother of one of his pupils you accept his ridiculous arrest on a dreadful charge as a matter of course. Even in prison, to which, very naturally, the unspeakable Grimes has by this time migrated, the fun is exceedingly good, and the absurd climax is on a par with all that has preceded it.

But, of course, it is useless to outline such a very mad story. It must be read to be disbelieved. It is the cool way in which Mr. Waugh wields his ironical pen that matters. It is his cheery indifference to Mrs. Grundy's views and Mrs. Grundy's world which keeps you chuckling. Nobody will blame Mr. Waugh for enjoying himself as he obviously did when writing this wholly exceptional first novel.

Coster

MR. JOHN NORTH

Whose new novel, "Unmarried Life," is described as a comedy in twenty-four hours. Mr. North, who has left the Bar to devote all his time to journalism and authorship, had a great success with his preceding novel, "Patricia Lacked a Husband"

Thursday, Friday and Saturday this week

The great screen spectacle!

A Thrust for a Thirst

featuring –

LONG CHASER

WORTHINGTON PARAMOUNT

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

A YORKSHIRE MEET *Central News*

A photograph of Mr. Green's Hounds moving off after the recent cubbing meet at Bishop Monkton, near Ripon. Mr. Green is seen on the right

Central News

MOUNTED FOR THE FRAY

Lord Mountgarret photographed at the recent meet of Mr. Green's Hounds at Bishop Monkton, near Ripon. He succeeded to the Viscounty in 1918

A NEW MASTER *Poole*

Major Lakin, the new Master of the Wextord in succession to Mr. de Courcy Parry, who has left Ireland to hunt the United Hunt in England. Major Lakin is a son of Sir Michael Lakin, of Warwick

With the Cattistock

I HAVE a glowing account of the prospects of the season from the Cattistock country, where the Rev. Edgar Milne has been both Master and Huntsman for a great many seasons and has lately been assisted in those duties by Lord Digby. These hounds cover an attractive country, and their success may be gauged by the fact that all the available houses in the district have been taken for the season now starting. Mr. Milne had bad luck with his whelps last year and only put on 14½ couples, but to make up for that drawback the quality of the young entry is decidedly above the average and hounds have done exceedingly well during cub-hunting. Thanks to a large extent to the popularity of the Joint-Masters, and to the efficient manner in which the affairs of the Hunt are managed, very few difficulties are experienced in this country.

Democratic Hunting

MR. MILNE makes a point of trying to popularise hunting in every possible manner. By meeting at the small towns and the larger villages the Cattistock Masters do their best to encourage those who are fond of hounds but are denied the joys of following them on horseback. Mr. Milne believes that the working classes are all natural fox-hunters, and it is a great treat to them when hounds meet in their neighbourhood. "I think," says this M.F.H., "too much cannot be done to keep hunting democratic. If made a rich man's sport solely it is certain to suffer." Various reports which have reached me from Yorkshire suggest that the outlook for the new season is as bright as it has been for many years in this part of the kingdom. Major L. B. Holliday, the Master of the Badsworth, tells me that his cub-hunting has been extremely successful, and there is an adequate supply of foxes for the regular season.

The Main Issue

HE adds that the position of the sport is satisfactory in every way, especially so far as the farmers are concerned. The difficulty that originated from the sale of large estates has been gradually got over in a manner which has surpassed all expectations. "The matter of expense is the main issue here," says Major Holliday, "for hunting people seem to have less cash to spare every year." Captain Harry Whitworth, who has kept the flag flying with immense success in the York and Ainsty country for a number of years, sends a cheery report in which he states that his hounds have done well among the cubs and that there is every reason to anticipate a satisfactory season. Mr. Herbert Straker, who hunts the Zetland country in partnership with Lord Barnard, says, "We have plenty of foxes, and all our conditions are as good as they always have been here."

On the Yorkshire Wolds

CAPTAIN T. WICKHAM-BOYNTON, as fine a judge of a horse as can be found anywhere in the country, is again hunting the East Middleton Hounds three days a week. This pack is an off-shoot of the old-established Middleton Hunt, which, although no longer under the Mastership of a member of the Willoughby family, are still kennelled at Birdsall, where they have an energetic M.F.H. in the person of Colonel M. Borwick. Shooting people as well as the farmers are well disposed towards fox-hunting in this part of Yorkshire, and hounds are received everywhere with the utmost goodwill. Captain Wickham-Boynton expresses the opinion that the sport, speaking generally, is on good footing to-day, especially in those districts where local men take an interest in the hounds or are their Masters. "The demand for hunting horses," declares this authority, "was never so good, and any young farmer who can ride and is keen should have no difficulty in making a little money out of his sport.

Central News

AN OPENING MEET

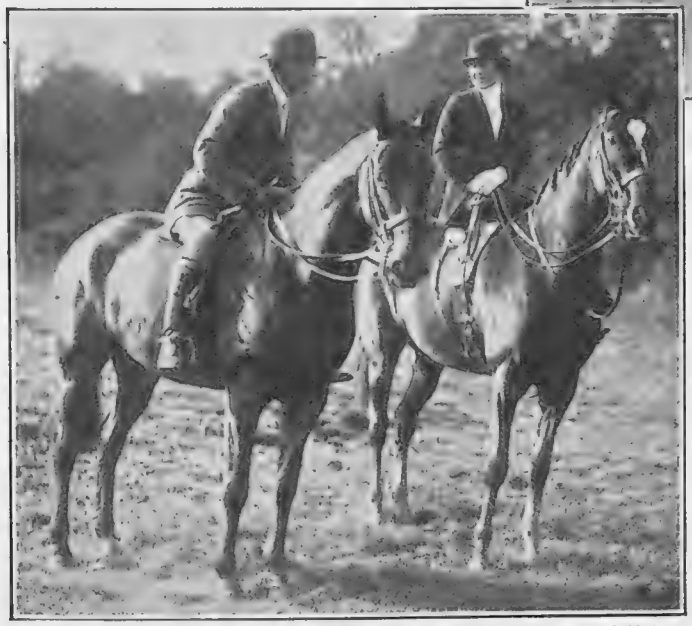
A photograph of the opening meet of the Guildford and Shere Beagles. This took place recently at the White Horse, Shere

Support the Farmers

THIS reminds me that the duty of followers of hounds is to buy their horses and forage locally when it is possible to do so. By supporting the farmer-breeders or the local dealers in this way they will be appreciably assisting the cause of fox-hunting in their particular districts. I have a line from the Grove country in which Colonel Arthur ffrench Blake informs me that cubs have turned up well in practically all parts of the wide district covered by those hounds, which are kennelled at Barnby Moor, close to a hostelry which is known to every motorist on the Great North Road. The Grove farmers are most friendly. In all the letters respecting the present condition of hunting the predominant note seems to be the cordial attitude of the occupiers of the land. Long may this continue to be the case. It would be a sorry day for fox-hunting if the farmers should cease to maintain their interest in horses and hounds. A. W. C.

OUT WITH THE QUORN *L.N.A.*

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Wyndham and the Hon. Mrs. Guy Wilson photographed at a recent cubbing meet of the Quorn. This took place at Thorpe-on-the-Glebe, Willoughby

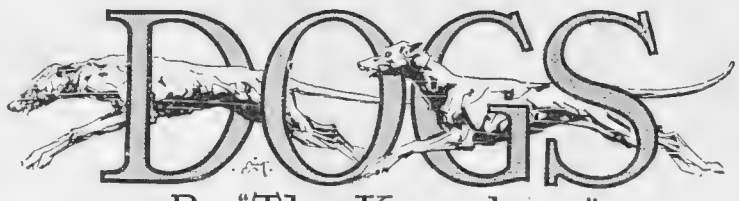


A HUNTING MORN *L.N.A.*

Sir Raymond Greene and the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Cripps photographed at the Willoughby cubbing meet of the Quorn. Major A. E. Burnaby is Master of the Quorn

Upper Clapton's Jubilee

One of the oldest clubs in the Rugby World, Upper Clapton, founded in 1879, will shortly reach its fiftieth birthday. To celebrate this landmark in its history a Jubilee Dinner has been arranged for Thursday, February 7, 1929, at the Café Royal, Regent Street, W.1. It is hoped that past members not in touch with the club who wish to attend will communicate with the hon. dinner secretary, Mr. J. H. Croydon, 6, Wardrobe Place, Doctors' Commons, E.C.4, who is endeavouring to muster as many old members as possible.



By "The Kennelman"

It seems generally accepted that the National Dog Week introduced last month should become an annual fixture. So mote it be! Of comments from readers of these Notes two from overseas must be mentioned: a suggestion from Montreal, and a criticism from Cairo.

The suggestion is that promoters of the N.D.W. should throughout the year keep faithful record of authentic cases of the saving of human life and property by Dogs, and, perhaps, of outstanding cases of human service to Dogs; the whole to be made available in booklet form in each year's National Dog Week. It's a sound notion, and the bulk of the booklet would surprise many, for it's seldom a week passes without newspaper record of some such doggy feat, and many don't reach the papers. The fire insurance companies get many instances of serious house fires checked as the result of determined warnings given by Dogs. That alone means the saving of many human lives; and, incidentally, is a reason why the insurance companies ought to subscribe liberally to doggy causes, such as the Distemper Research Fund, and the rebuilding of the Royal Veterinary College. At Torquay the other day a caretaker was saved from almost certain burning by the persistent barking of his Dog at his bedroom door. To save his faithful friend he dropped the Dog out of the window before making his own escape; whereupon the Dog, unable to find his master outside, and fearing the worst, fought his way back into the burning house on rescue bent, and thereby sacrificed his own life.

The criticism, too, was in the nature of a suggestion:—"I was sorry to read that one method chosen of celebrating the N.D.W. took the form of a show of mongrels, tricksters, and doggy oddities. A pity that, because it stimulates mawkishness of a kind bad for our Dogs. Every Dog's entitled to our kindly consideration and care, but there's no more sense in holding mongrels up to exhibition than there would be in exhibiting human degenerates and freaks. The fewer the mongrels, the fewer the homeless strays; the larger the proportion of pure-bred Dogs of recognised value, the better for the canine community, and for canine-human relations generally. As for the teaching and glorification of Dog 'tricks,' that's a humiliating and debasing business, for us and for the Dogs."

The heading of these Notes is the title of a comely little volume from the pen of Lady Kitty Ritson, just published by Chatto and Windus (5s.). It is agreeably illustrated, and includes gossipy chapters on the choice of a breed, the care of pups, "all about Shows," "kennels and expenses," and the like: a readable *résumé* of an inexhaustible subject, by a writer who knows well how to interest the big public; a trick you probably can't learn without being pretty busy at it. And being busy at it doubtless inclines to the acceptance of shibboleths, however flatly experience may disprove 'em. "If you are living in a town . . . it is positively wicked to keep a large animal, such as a Great Dane. . . . I much prefer Bitches to Dogs, as they are more affectionate. . . . Still, there is the inevitable drawback of being obliged to send her away twice a year. . . ." The truth is the question of size is *not* vital in the matter of suitability for town life. Many little Dogs of keen sporting, working strains need the country, and are more cramped by town than some of the biggest sorts. It is, of course, incorrect to say of Dogs (or of humans) that one sex is more affectionate than the other; and it is entirely misleading to say that if you keep a bitch you must "send her away twice a year." But this little book is sure to be popular.

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A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieutenant-Commander W. D. G. Weir, R.N., with his bride, Miss Joan Graham, elder daughter of Mr. T. W. Graham, of Weymouth. The marriage took place at All Saints', Wyke Regis

Femina

LIVE PEOPLE AND DEAD IDEAS

By CANDIDA

"*Plus je vois les hommes, plus j'aime les chiens!*" Can't you imagine how ferociously it must have been meant, especially in a country that hasn't much use for dogs? In French it's easier and safer to mean more things than we can pack into any remark of ours, and there's this other advantage: Those most likely to be shocked will be the last to understand. But the point is lost when you embroider this caustic saying round the expensive crib of the world's latest Pekingese which—believe me, or believe me not—is where I've met it. It's true enough that lots of us prefer our dogs to our humans, but think of the temptation! Who was it said *à propos* of him "who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen," that it's just seeing him that's the trouble? To say nothing of hearing him! Therefore you'd think that true happiness in this world must consist of seeing nothing and hearing less—if possible. Does it look like it, I ask you, whe the successful life is one long succession of meeting othe successful people, and flying to places merely means more opportunities of seeing and hearing people—always people.

S

It must be the contradiction in human nature that makes us prefer disappointing live people to satisfactory dead ideas. That's why this paper, and every other paper, is chock-a-block with photographs of people all looking as nice, or anyway as interesting, as they know how. In people there's always the possibility that some day they may say something, or do something, that we least expect—even if they never do. We live for our surprises—even if they never come. But as for ideas, who's got time to have any, even if he had, let's say, the inclination?

No need to insist. The fact stares you in the face when all the best-sellers are books on people. Books on dead celebrities, which aren't always as innocuous as they might be, and then there's a terrific scandal for a fortnight. As someone said, there used to be some advantage in being dead, but after he'd read a few "lives" in the modern manner he wasn't so sure about it. Books on live celebrities, that are quite pleasant and innocuous because it's safer that way. Books on would-be, all-but celebrities, written perhaps by themselves or their friends. Books by nobodies on the somebodies they've met, and the perfectly innocuous things they said and wrote to them.

S

Some men, who've managed to survive from the days of ideas and can't get over their bad habits, are very dismal about us. They foresee (another bad habit) that we shall go from bad to worse—doesn't one always? They fear that even our best newspaper, that last stronghold of British dignity, will soon bristle with the headlines they love in a country which shall be nameless, a country where one enjoys oneself immensely every morning over the little misfortunes of big people and the big misfortunes of little people, all set up in enormous type. I shall believe it when I see it. Meanwhile, it's not American influence on manners that accounts for what they're pleased to call "this blatant personality business," but the enormous majority of women in the scheme of things. Women, we've always been told, are incapable of looking at anything from a lofty, impersonal point of view. They never see that "the game is more than the playing of the game, and the ship is more than the crew." It's a bad business considering how much they must be reckoned with, for or against.

S

You and I, who are not women in the mass, refuse to shoulder the responsibility. If this "blatant personality business" didn't pay it wouldn't exist. And how amusing, incidentally, to find oneself mentioned in somebody's book. One pretends to be angry, but not to be mentioned would be worse. I've just read the latest reminiscences of someone who's got few years to remember, but the young woman starts young to be modern. Everybody's mentioned by name, of course. No implications and thin disguises. There's a superior aunt who's never forgotten her dear pre-War days, nor what she wore in them. She asks: "What have you done with your hair, all you shingled girls?" "We keep it in a drawer," she's told, "just as you do, Aunt; only we don't take it out and put it on again every morning." Aunt Julia spreads herself every night over the indecency of showing all one's backbone in Patou's latest manner, although, in the sight of Heaven and of men, there's no difference between an absence of frock behind and an absence of frock in front, the latter considered right and proper by the likes of her. "And your underclothes-so-called," she protests. "In our day a man could always hear us coming by the rustle of our nice, silk petticoats." The niece laughs. "So much the better for him. It's *sauve qui peut* nowadays, and it's just as well considering that there aren't enough men to go round."

A LAMENT

SKIRTS ARE TO BE LONGER.—*Official!*

PHYLLIS, you have had your day,
Your day of freedom in array:
Your striding and your leaping gay
Needs must now "go out."

No more for you that feeling free,
No more (for me!) your silken knee.
Listen to Fashion's stern decree—
Knees must now "go out"!

V. I. HILTON.

"Autres Temps—Mêmes Moeurs!"

"Mother says you'd turn in your grave if you saw how I go on——

——yet I don't suppose you'd find

BY G. L. STAMPA

we've altered very much!"

VISIT INDIA! VISIT CEYLON!

P&O

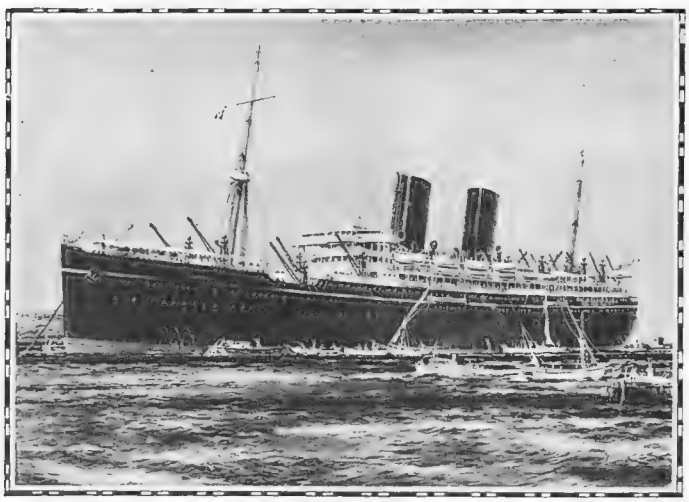
REDUCED WINTER FARES

December—February

INDIA & CEYLON

Sea Fare — 1st Class throughout

100 GUINEAS RETURN



P. & O. S.S. RANPURA, Indian Mail and Passenger Service, 16,600 Tons
These sister ships are named, respectively, RANCHI, RAWALPINDI, RAJPUTANA.

London to Colombo or Bombay and back from Bombay or Colombo

The currency of the Reduced P. & O. Fares admits of six weeks in India or seven weeks in Ceylon—dependent on date of departure from London. Travelling both ways *via* Marseilles by the P. & O. Express of Restaurant and Sleeping Cars the transit to and from India or Ceylon may be reduced by 14 days. Special Return Fare *via* Marseilles, 1st Class throughout, £120. Tickets for Bombay are available for return from Colombo and vice-versa.

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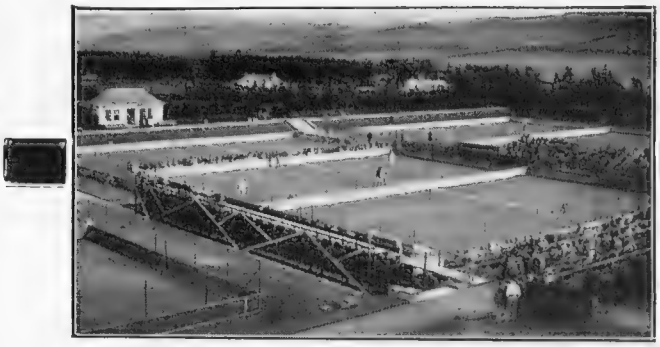
By Appointment Hard Lawn Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King



The "EN-TOUT-CAS" Courts in use at Gleneagles Tournament, September, 1928.

THE PROFESSIONAL LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS OF THE WORLD

AT QUEEN'S CLUB, LONDON, OCT. 8th to 12th, 1928

WERE PLAYED ON FOUR

RED "EN-TOUT-CAS" COURTS.

Although these particular Courts had been in regular use for 7 years **THEY WERE SELECTED** and preferred to the Green Courts made a year or so ago at the same Club.

THE MATCH

KOZELUH *v.* RICHARDS

was also played on a Red "En-Tout-Cas" court, and both players expressed extreme satisfaction with it.

These world's best Teachers of the game **confirm the opinion of Tilden,** expressed 3 years ago and again repeated this year, that

THE "EN-TOUT-CAS" Court is

THE BEST.

The new "En-Tout-Cas" Court requires 50% less upkeep, and this is now reduced to a minimum.

RED OR GREEN "THE En-Tout-Cas" HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT RED OR GREEN

POST FREE.—Book No. 7 with Special Supplement from the SOLE MAKERS:

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London Offices: Fortnum & Mason, 182, Piccadilly, W.1

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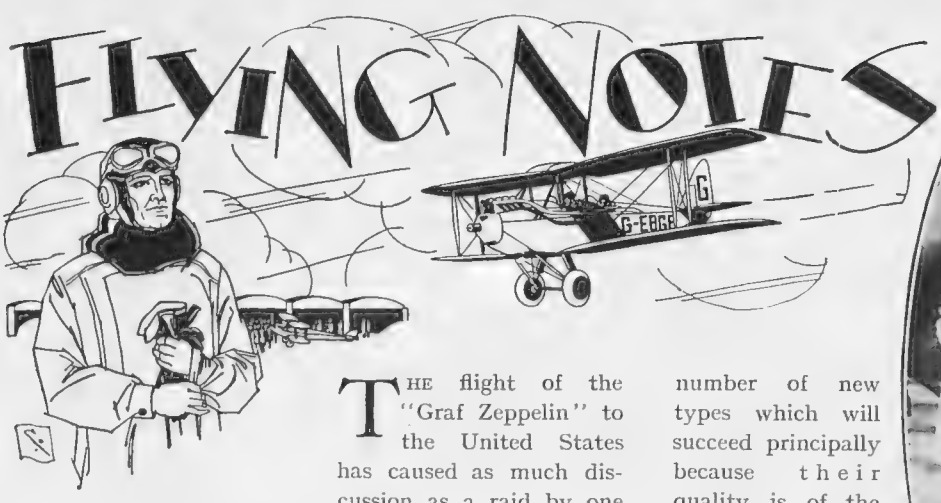
FLYING NOTES



THE flight of the "Graf Zeppelin" to the United States has caused as much discussion as a raid by one of her ancestors during the War. "Didn't I tell you last year that airships would always be at the mercy of the wind," wrote Néon, the anonymous author of the "Great Delusion." Others contented themselves by saying that the airship had bad luck, whilst a few, realising that it was the first long-distance passenger flight, pointed out that everything had a beginning, and that the airworthiness of the passengers seemed more questionable than that of the airship. It is unlikely that there will be airships for private owners in our time, but we have as a nation the greatest possible interest in their successful development. Our two ships, "R.100" and "R.101," will be ready for trials in the Spring, by which time mooring-masts will have been prepared for their reception in various parts of the Empire. In America, where "big business" is unlikely to allow price or prejudice to act as a damper, two larger ships are being planned, as it is hoped that the failure of American shipping enterprise will act as a stimulant to secure supremacy in air transport.

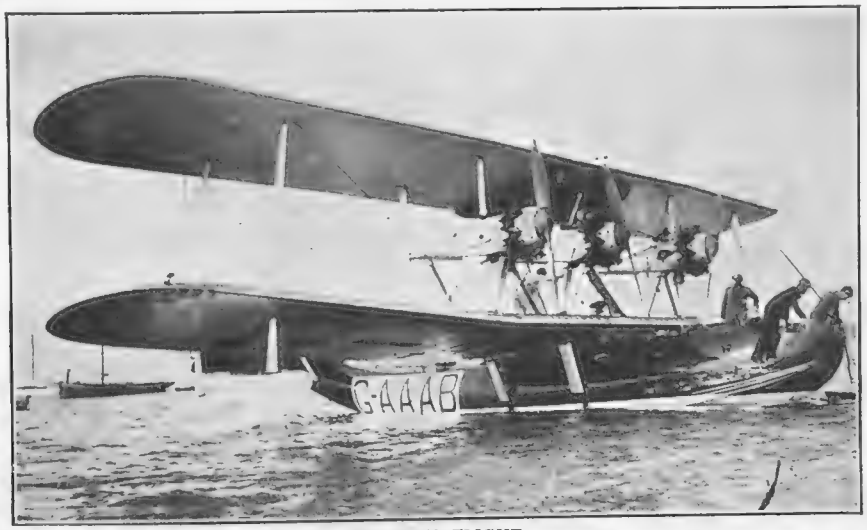
WITH Germany and America in the field against us we have just the incentive which makes us produce the best results. America leads at the present time in the quantity and variety of her commercial aeroplanes, whilst Germany has made a special study and a great success of metal construction. We are building quietly and without advertisement a large number of new types which will succeed principally because their quality is of the finest. British aircraft are becoming known and flown all over the world on a Certificate of Airworthiness which is equivalent to A.1 at Lloyds for ships. When a British ship sinks as a result of an error of judgment on the part of the skipper no one blames the ship. In the same manner it should be remembered that airmen are liable occasionally to make mistakes, but these have been very few in the history of British commercial aviation, which already enjoys a reputation of being the safest in the world.

Planet

A NOTABLE FEAT

Captain Neville Stack, the well-known test pilot, photographed with the Avro-Avian machine in which he made his recent record flight from London to Berlin. He did the journey without a stop in four hours fifty-two minutes

A CIVIL machine flying for hire or reward has a maximum load factor; it is the Plimsoll Line beyond which the pilot will refuse to be burdened. Potential travellers by air who are touchy about their weight will be relieved to hear that passengers and their baggage may go on the scales together, the price for their secret being that for the excess at so much a pound. The Honourable David Tennant was cautioned at Lympne the other day for overloading a Moth. He had his wife and a friend in a seat built for one, and was compelled to make two trips across the Channel, the journey to Paris being continued *à trois*, as French regulations are not so strict as ours. With the exception of the "Bluebird," which allows husband and wife to sit side by side, we have no light planes in which passengers can sit together in a sociable manner, and, considering that a Renault Avro will take three quite comfortably, it seems high time that private-owner machines were brought up to date.



AN IRISH FLIGHT

The Supermarine "Solent" Flying Boat used by the Hon. A. E. Guinness in his recent flight over Ireland. He carried out what is probably a unique flying tour over the Irish Lakes and the West Coast of Ireland

CAPTAIN STACK has created another unofficial record by flying from London to Berlin in 4 hrs. 52 mins. on an Avian with a Cirrus Mark III. Pictures of the Prince of Wales's tour in East Africa were brought to England by Captain Hope, of "Air Taxis," after a very plucky show on his Gipsy Moth, when he was delayed in the Sudan on the outward flight by sunstroke. Stag Lane kept the secret of this flight extremely well; they threw out hints about American millionaires, film stars, cures for malaria, all being rushed to Africa for some purpose or other, but left one guessing as to which daily paper had paid for the flight.

NEARLY all the clubs report wet, miserable weather, with nothing on the time sheet. Major Clarke has resigned as instructor to the Cinque Ports Club for private reasons, and his place has been filled by Major H. G. Travers, who was recently test pilot for Blackburn's at Old Phaleron, in Greece. Noting that the Hampshire Club had only one serviceable aeroplane and heaps of members, the Suffolk Club pointed out that they had three aeroplanes with only one member, or, to be more accurate, that their active members were insufficient to keep the machines fully employed, and therefore anyone wishing to learn to fly in a hurry should blow along to Hadleigh.

G.P.U.

FLYING HOME

Flight-Lieut. Bentley, of the South African Air Force, and Mrs. Bentley photographed at Croydon with the machine in which they left on their flight to Capetown via Constantinople. Flight-Lieut. Bentley recently flew from England to Capetown and back

IT seems a pity that the determined efforts made by the Chamber of Commerce at Plymouth to secure an aerodrome for their city adequate for its future requirements should have met with so little success. Surveys have been made and the conclusion arrived at that the polo ground at Roborough could be converted at little expense into a good landing ground. Capt. Olley, of Imperial Airways, met with disaster there a few days ago, which could easily have been avoided if the ground had been properly cleared. The authorities in Newton Abbot are fully alive to the need for an aerodrome, and negotiations are in progress to secure the use of the racecourse. When one considers that every town of importance in America is developing a municipal air port, it seems time that our people realised they are being left behind.

CAPT. MALCOLM CAMPBELL gave up flying as a hobby before the War, and, having become our most famous racing motorist, he is now returning to his old love. He has purchased a "Moth" in order to make a rapid tour over Europe, North Africa, and the Near East.

C. E. WARD.

"YOU WANT A YOUNGER!"

WHEN you're "driven off your feet" and your vigour flags, *then* is the time when a glass of Wm. Younger's puts new life into you. It is not a mere passing stimulant but a lasting one—thanks to the good malt and hops from which Scotch Ale is brewed.

Permit me sir, this fact to mention—
That horse has earned his old-age pension:
It's no good getting in a rage
You should have more respect for age:
"You want a Younger!"

William Younger's Scotch Ale

Brewed in Edinburgh

Branches at London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Middlesbrough and Belfast.

The LOVABLE FRAGRANCE as fresh and lovely as the wind-swept, rain-cleansed atmosphere of the English countryside.

No other Lavender has been so long loved and cherished; no other has such beauty of fragrance, such wistful appeal as the exquisite Yardley Lavender.

In the sick-room it is indispensable.

Per Bottle - from 2/6

Decanters from 21/-

Lavender Soap, "The Luxury Soap of the World," box of 3 tablets	2/6
Face Powder	1/9
Face Cream	1/6
Compact Face Powder	2/6
Bath Salts (Crystals)	2/6
Bath Salts (Tablets)	1/6
Talcum Powder	1/2
Lavender Compressed Blossoms, box of 6 tablets	3/-
Solidified Brillantine	1/3

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YARDLEY'S LAVENDER

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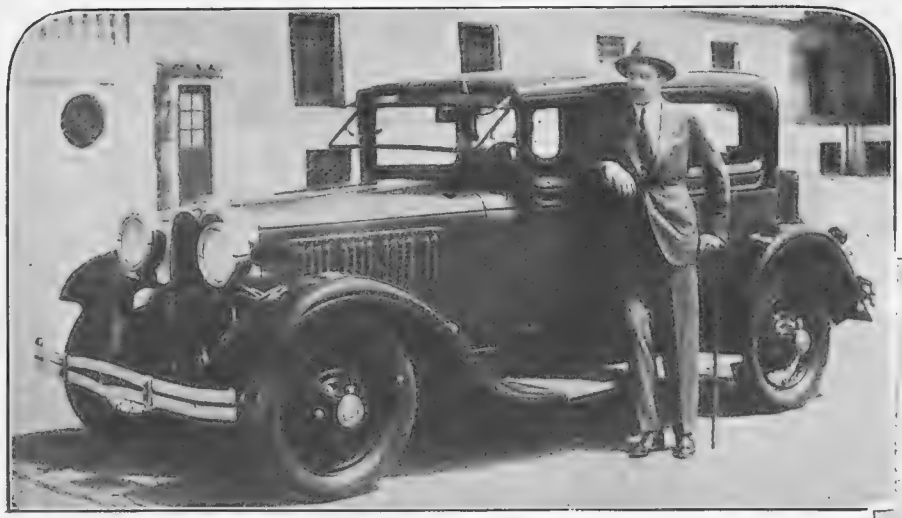
MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT



A KING AND HIS CAR

The King of Spain photographed with his Victory Six outside the Royal Palace at Madrid. This fine car is constructed by Dodge Brothers

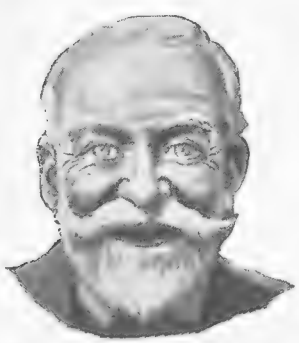
A VERY attractive car at the Show was the new 2-litre Sports model exhibited by Crossley Motors, Ltd. The body is a fabric one coloured ivory-white and upholstered in green hide. The under-carriage, lamps, beading, hood, facia board, and even the steering wheel are finished in Mall green. The facia board is illuminated by concealed lamps, the bright parts are finished in the new chromium plating, unsplinterable glass is fitted, wheel valances are detachable, to give the car more speed, and a radiator guard is provided. This is a speed model of the now well-known Shelsley 15.7 h.p. chassis, and it is claimed that a speed of well over 70 m.p.h. can be attained in a very short space of time.

* * *

VARIOUS forms of jacking systems that can be fitted permanently to one's car and can lift any or all of the wheels within a few seconds are going to be the next big development of interest to the owner-driver. One or two of these systems have made their appear-

AN AUSTIN IN HOLLAND

An Austin 20 h.p. 6-cylinder "Ranelagh" Saloon photographed in Holland. It is seen outside the famous church at Gouda



Jovial Health

"Last Easter I was seized with a severe chill and gastric troubles. My nurse brought a large bottle of Kruschen Salts. It cleared stomachic acidity, broke up constipation from which I greatly suffered, also cleared away the depression that affected me. I now feel in jovial health, and am free of aches and pains that oppressed me. It may interest you to know that I am 78 years of age, therefore to me the more marvellous my restoration to good health."

28th Aug., 1928. George D., W. Hove.

If only everyone would realise that the "little daily dose of Kruschen" is just as important to internal cleanliness as soap and water are to external cleanliness there would soon be no more constipation, no more sluggish livers, no more rheumatism, gout or lumbago. But don't imagine that Epsom or Glauber Salts will do what Kruschen can. Kruschen is a combination of *six* salts—each one necessary to some particular organ of the body. Just what you need to persuade your system into a healthy condition; very gently, but very, very surely!

Kruschen Salts

"It's the little daily dose that does it!"

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1s. and 1s. 9d. bottles. A 1s. 9d. bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.

Tasteless in Tea

"Cosmopolitan Britons . . . . rank the Lancia as perhaps the second or third best car in the world for general cosmopolitan purposes, and absolutely first without any exception whatsoever for certain specialised uses."

Mr. R. E. Davidson, writing in the "NEW STATESMAN."

LANCIA

(England) Limited

LANCIA WORKS,
ALPERTON Nr WEMBLEY, LONDON
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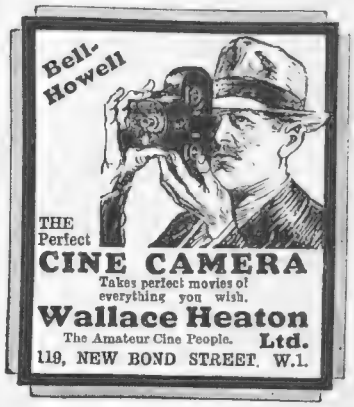
QUEEN'S HOTEL

Facing South and directly overlooking the sea.
200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM-BEDROOMS and SUITES
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or A la carte.
Weekly Inclusive Charge from 5 gns. upwards.



When visiting Exeter have a "ROSCUT," the finest Waterproof and Travelling Coat for Ladies and Gentlemen in the world, from J. and G. Ross, 227, High Street, Exeter. If not, send wire or letter to same address, and a coat shall be sent by return, with patterns and prices.

"KISSINGA"
ANTI-CORPULENCE TABLETS

A safe & certain cure for obesity. Compounded from a vegetable base with the addition of the famous Kissingen Spring Salt. They do not contain thyroid or iodine, and cannot affect the heart.
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
Price 4/- per box of 100 tablets, obtainable from your chemist, or post free from
ROBERT W. PHILLIPS, LTD.,
Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

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who guarantee their cars for 5 years, ask Bentley Owners to use Triple Shell Oil

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CORNER OF
OXGATE LANE & EDGWARE ROAD,
CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.2.

11th October, 1928.

Messrs. Shell-Mex. Ltd.,
Shell Corner,
Kingsway, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

After two years' test of your Lubricating Oil on road and track, the results we have obtained have been so eminently satisfactory that we have decided to standardize your "Triple" Shell Motor Oil for Works' use, and as our recommendation to Bentley owners for use in their engines.

All Bentley engines, as you know, are so designed that they require the minimum of attention and overhaul, and to obtain this it is essential that an oil be used which, besides possessing unquestionable lubricating value and body, also gives the absolute minimum of carbon deposit. In this latter respect, particularly, we find your oil is unrivalled.

Yours faithfully,
BENTLEY MOTORS, LIMITED.
W. O. Bentley
MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Be up to date SHELLUBRICATE

ance, but few are so promising as the Mayfair Four-Wheel Hydraulic Jack marketed by the concern of that name at 103, Regent Street, W.1. In brief, this is a central force pump, which, with its dial indicating which wheel it is desired to raise, may be placed anywhere on the running-board, and connected by armoured tubing, similar to that used for hydraulic braking, to jacks placed under each end of the front and rear axles. If a puncture occurs the driver has merely to dismount, get out the handle for the hydraulic pump, place the pointer in the desired position according to the wheel affected, and work the pump to and fro a few times till that wheel is raised off the ground. After the wheel is changed, the valve is turned to the release position, and the car comes gently back to earth in a second or two.

***

FOR the first time in its history the Worshipful Company of Coachmakers has chosen as Master a man who is directly associated with the tyre industry. He is Mr. W. J. McCormack, one of the chief officials on the advisory staff at Fort Dunlop. Sir Edward Manville, J.P., M.I.E.E., succeeds him as Senior Warden, and the new Renter Warden and Junior Warden are Mr. William Lawton-Goodman and Mr. Sydney Norris respectively.

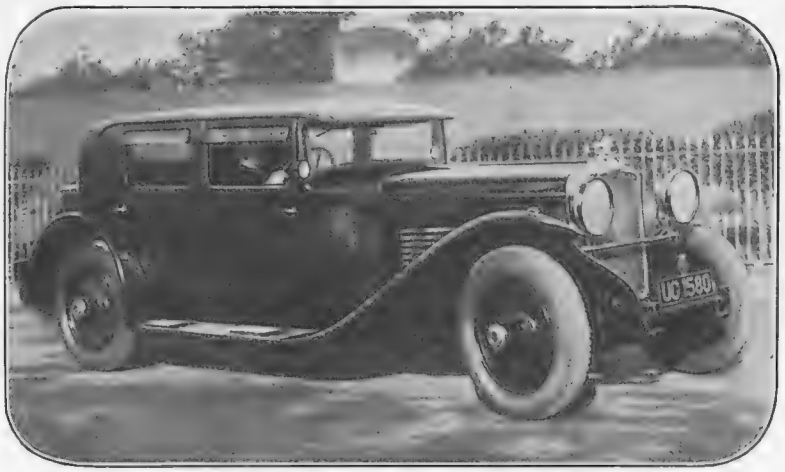
***

THE Automobile Association announces the opening of a new port office on the station at Dover, fully equipped to deal with all matters connected with the shipment of motor vehicles. This is the last link in the chain of port offices extending round the coast and embracing all the principal cross-Channel services.

***

THREE or four accidents due to rear doors of saloons and four-seaters flying open when no one but the driver was in the car have been reported to the Royal Automobile Club recently. When a driver is alone in a car of either of the types mentioned it is quite possible for the rear doors to fly open, owing to their not being properly closed, without his being aware of the fact.

E. M. WRIGHT.



A FINE MODEL

Sir Nigel Courtenay Musgrave photographed in his Black Hawk Stutz with a Weymann Saloon body. This handsome car was supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright of 150, New Bond Street

British Throughout

A letter which was published in the correspondence columns of a well-known motoring journal appears to have given rise to an absolutely unfounded rumour that Crossley Motors, Ltd., are purchasing American engines for use in Crossley cars. If it had not been for the fact that during the Olympia Show a number of people mentioned it to members of the Crossley staff the rumour would have been considered too ridiculous even to have been contradicted, but since then one or two Crossley owners and prospective owners have written to the company on the subject, and it is felt that an emphatic denial is now necessary. Crossley cars are British throughout. They are manufactured in the Crossley works at Gorton, Manchester, by British labour, and there is no thought, nor will there be, of utilising any foreign components.

-like a report from a gun

Nottingham,

October 1st.1928.

I have to thank you for probably saving my Wife's and my own life.....Between Newark and here a full grown cock pheasant got up suddenly and hit the very centre of my front screen like a report from a gun.....I was going just over ..... The glass has stood up all right but the pheasant is dead .....I will bring the car to your office on Wednesday and should you care to use this letter for advertising purposes you are welcome to do so.

(Signed)

E. G. Wolfe Barry.

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd.

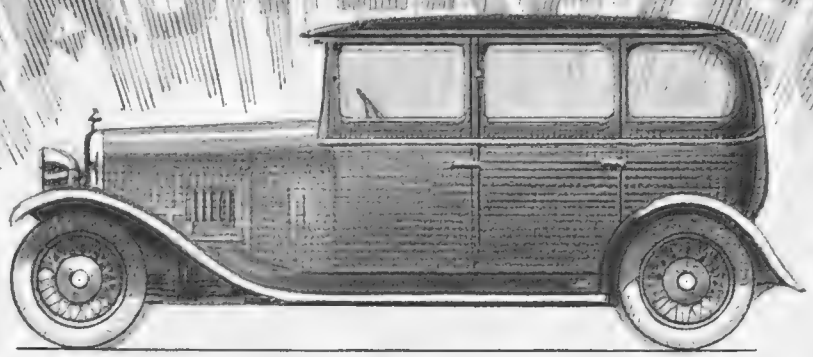
-and be safe!

Shatter-proof X XX Splinter-proof

Make sure it's Triplex; look for the three X's in a circle; this Trade Mark is on all genuine Triplex Glass.

TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO. LTD., 1, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

A MASTERPIECE



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ALVIS . . . embodying all the valuable characteristics, all the essential qualities that you have visualised in your conception of the perfect car . . . and at no fantastic price. Alvis . . . a masterpiece of the engineer's skill . . . unique in the world of medium-power cars. Alvis . . . a car you will be very proud to own.

You should become acquainted with this masterpiece. Call at your nearest ALVIS Agents for inspection or ask us to send you a copy of the 1929 Alvis Catalogue showing the new range in full colours.

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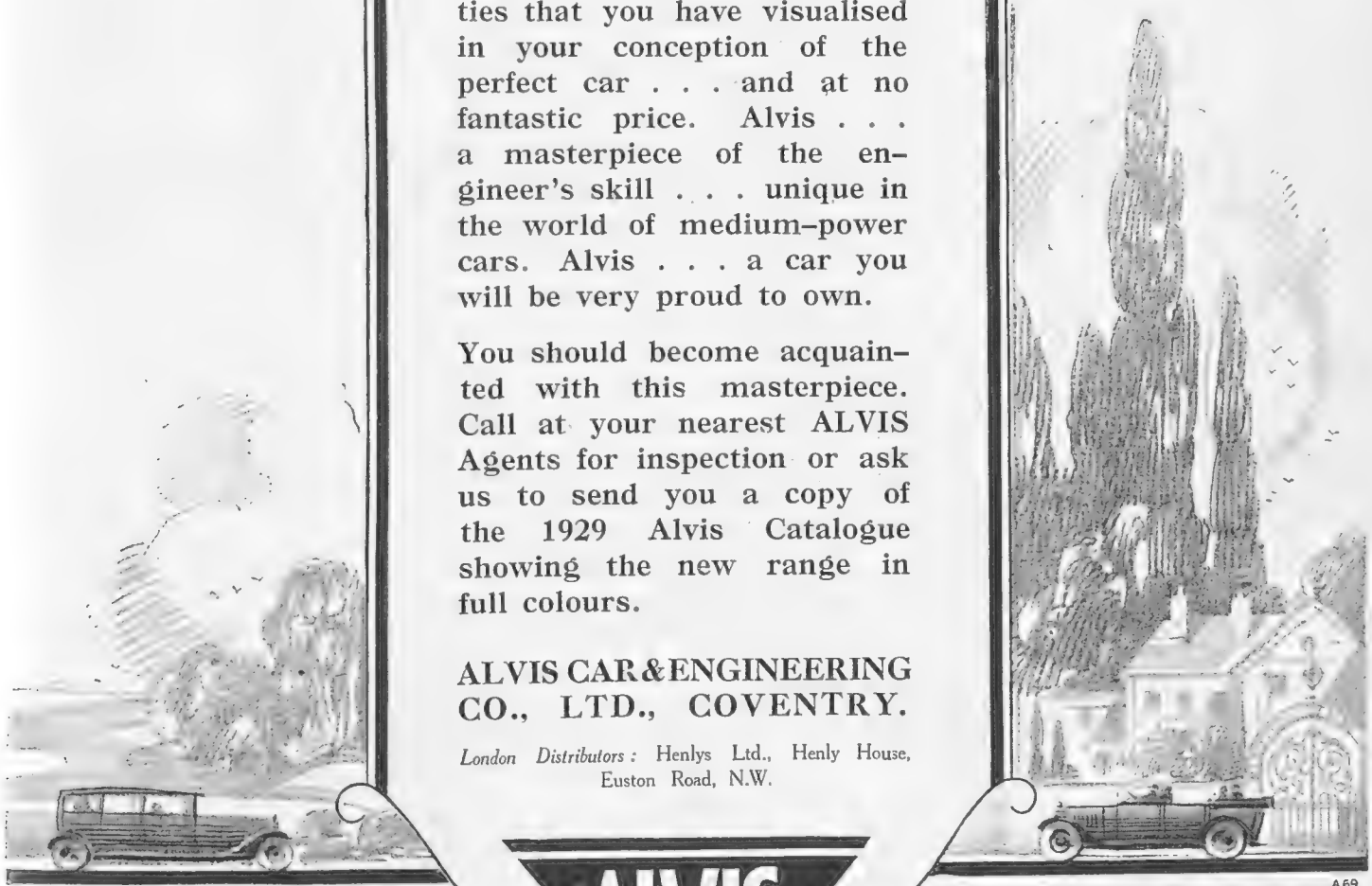

"MASTER OF THE ALVIS KING'S HIGHWAY"

A69

Swiftly, Safely, Surely

GENASPRIN

The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

Makes Pain Fade Away

Take two Genasprin Tablets when Headaches or Nerve Pains attack you. *Swiftly* the nerves are soothed and pain is banished. Because of its absolute purity Genasprin brings this relief *safely* without harmful after-effects, and acts *surely* in even the most distressing headaches and nerve pains.

At all Chemists—2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

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Flower-fine, reminiscent of **"June Roses"** or faintly perfumed with the elusive, the enchanting **"Chaminade,"** Face Powder Morny clings so perfectly, tones so precisely with the skin, that its use is never too apparent.

"June Roses" Face Powder, or **"Chaminade,"** is now obtainable in two sizes . . . the new small size is appreciated by those who desire to make a gift of highest quality yet one very moderately priced.

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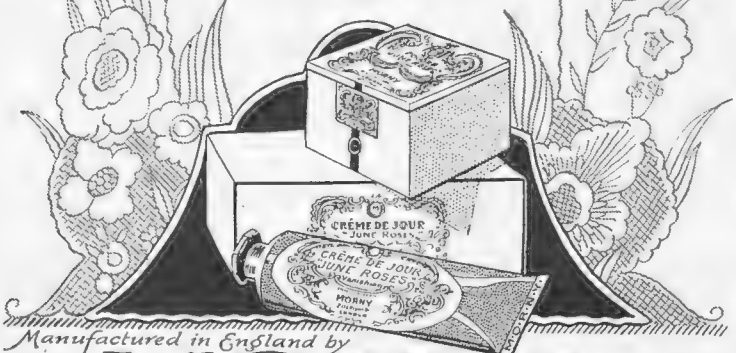

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MODEL BY
FRANK H. MASON
Length over all, 14½ inches.

This exquisite model of the famous Tea Clipper "THERMOPYLAE" has been produced in answer to repeated requests for a true model of one of the old sailing ships which should do justice to the grace and beauty of the original vessel, and is an excellent example of Mr. Mason's well-known craftsmanship and "sea-sense" alike in its fine proportions and beautiful finish and detail. Twenty-five reproductions only are for sale, and each will be numbered and signed. The price is Twenty Guineas (packing and transport extra), and orders will be executed in strict rotation.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

A slight impression of the attractiveness, but no idea of the dignified spaciousness of the interesting old Court House Restaurant is conveyed by this small sketch. On the left is a coat of natural Canadian mink, from Ludin

The Birth of a Borough

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the village of Marylebone was nearly a mile away from any part of London, there stood close to Stratford Place, in Marylebone Lane, the old Court House, which was rebuilt in 1822. It was erected on the site of a small village church, which in 1400 was removed to an adjacent piece of ground. The new church was dedicated to St. Mary, and, to perpetuate the little brook that flowed near by, it was called St. Mary le Bourne, which in course of time became Marylebone.

An Historic Restaurant

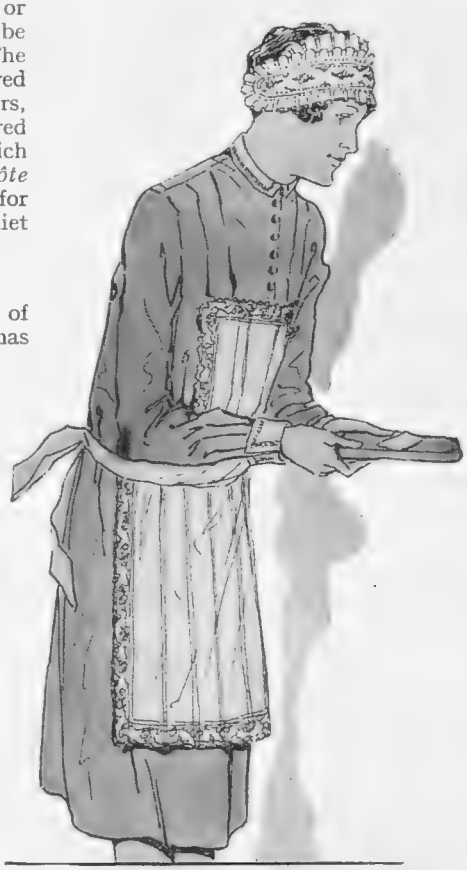
The interesting old Court House has now become The Court House Restaurant. None of its salient features has been in any way altered, and it preserves to-day the air of spaciousness and dignity which are a result of its prefect proportions and restrained ornamentation, to which age has added immeasurably. The semi-circular ballroom boasts two crinoline balconies and has a deep blue and gold frieze. There is seating accommodation for 189 people for concerts, or space for between fifty and sixty couples for dancing. For a very moderate sum it may be hired on Saturday afternoons or any evening, and catering can be undertaken from 2*s*. a head. The restaurant has parchment coloured walls, and there are gold pillars, the heavy curtains of Italian red brocade adding a touch of rich colour. Excellent *table d'hôte* luncheons cost only 3*s*., while for tea it provides a delightfully quiet and secluded rendezvous.

The Joys of Winter

Poets always sing of the joys of the Spring, but Winter has many compensations, one of the chief of them being that it provides women with an opportunity of wearing sumptuous furs, than which nothing is more becoming. On the left of this page is a coat of natural Canadian mink, from Ludin, 16, Hanover Street. The skins have been worked so that the darker lines run downwards, which give it a very slim effect, while the long roll collar and the bell sleeves stamp it as absolutely up to the minute. It is lined with embroidered *crêpe de Chine* to tone. Serviceable wraps of pony skin and lynx—one of Fashion's greatest favourites—and coats of broadtail and silver fox, or Persian lamb trimmed with kolinsky, rival each other in these *salons*.

Charming Practicability

A good workman is proud of his tools, and a good mistress appreciates the importance of the effect which a becoming uniform



Here is an attractive uniform dress which would be a delight both to the Mistress and to the Maid. It comes from Garroulds

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

An easily slipped into and delightfully soft-looking tea gown of black lace and georgette, and a cleverly designed frock of printed velvet, from the Army and Navy Stores

dress has upon her maids. At Garroulds, Edgware Road, there may always be found the nicest of such garments. Illustrated on the previous page is an afternoon apron of white lawn trimmed with pin tucks and embroidery, the price being 2*s.* 11½*d.* The coronet cap, which is adorned with an embroidered insertion edged with goffered frills, costs 1*s.* 0½*d.* Collars and cuffs can be made to order, or there are charming sets in white organdie or spot muslin and lace for 1*s.* 11½*d.* Most useful for the woman who likes to undertake some of the light duties of her home is a poplin cross-over overall dress for 15*s.* 11*d.*

Rest Gowns and Formal Frocks

WHAT woman, after an exhilarating day spent out in the frosty air, or strenuous hours of social activity, does not revel in the feeling of delicious comfort which is inspired by a soft rest gown? Illustrated at the head of this page is a beautiful wrap-round robe in black lace edged with georgette. It is fastened with a buckle at the left side, and is worn over a slip of charmeuse. At the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, where it may be seen in company with many others, all equally attractive, it costs 14 guineas. For instance, there is a lovely little corn-coloured wrap in embossed velvet, the edges and the curved front bordered with thick marabout, while long tassels hang from the sleeves. The price of the little printed velvet afternoon dress, which is in shades of beige and burgundy on a black ground, is £6. The cleverly arranged wrap skirt is picot edged and is held in position by a huge bow. It should be borne in mind that in these *salons* a special feature is made of dresses in all sizes, so that be it a little plumpness which always seems to prevent one from securing ready-made dresses which really fit, or the fact that one is the possessor of a figure more *petite* than the average, one may be sure of obtaining there a delightful frock which will not have to be left behind for extensive alterations before it will really fit.

Two Practical Novelties

"HERE to-day and gone to-morrow" must be the spirit which dominates Contessa, 116, Knightsbridge, for so charming and original are her gowns and coats that they never remain long to grace her *salons*. Sketched on this page is a golf suit in tweed. The skirt simulates trousers and is set into a hip-band which exactly follows the line of these male garments. It is finished with a pig-skin belt, into which are stuck coloured wooden tees. The little jacket has a trim, upstanding collar. Every woman driver knows the difficulty of securing an evening coat which is warm and hard-wearing and yet is sufficiently smart for any occasion. Contessa has solved the problem by using a heavy brocade of great durability. She lines it with velvet, borders it with *galon*, and finishes it with a neat, high collar. Finally she prices it at only 8½ guineas.

A tweed skirt which simulates trousers and is finished with a belt which holds wooden tees is the outstanding feature of this suit from Contessa

Sketches by Clyte

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GREEN HARD COURTS
(Patented.

THE BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1927 - 1928 WERE PLAYED EXCLUSIVELY ON

FERNDEN

COURTS AT BOURNEMOUTH.

The reputation of the Fernden Green Court is now firmly established. The records of sales and orders in hand are proof of this, between **150 and 200** FERNDEN COURTS being on order at the present time. The Company claims to have put down more green hard courts than **all other makers combined.** Fernden Courts have replaced many of the red rubble type. These facts should influence customers in choosing the Fernden Court.

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Plans of hotels and full particulars on application to the Secretary, Dept R, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, W.C.1.

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Original and Beautiful Furniture

Williamson and Cole are responsible for this suite, which is completed by a dressing table, with a three-fold frameless mirror, a wardrobe, and a tallboy

The design of this chair is above criticism, for it is worthy of the beautiful wood of which it is made

This bed forms part of a suite in walnut, exquisitely marked, and magnificently veneered. It is decorated with carved mouldings and is finished with antique gilt

EVERY home is an expression of the personality of the people who created it. But it is not always easy to find just those pieces of furniture, just exactly the carpets and curtains, upon which one has set one's heart. So it is that frequently disappointment is the factor which finally assails one when a room, upon which one has lavished a great deal of time and thought, is eventually finished. This need never be the case, for if one visits Williamson and Cole, High Street, Clapham, so wide is their choice of furniture and furnishings, and so original and delightful their designs, that unusual indeed would be the demands that they could not satisfy. The beautiful bedroom suite in these photographs is an example of splendid workmanship and artistic restraint. It costs £125, with a dressing table which has a three-fold frameless mirror, a handsome and extremely well-fitted wardrobe, and a tallboy. A new and most attractive suite was made in lined oak, with short mother-of-pearl panels and jade mouldings. The price of this was only £65.

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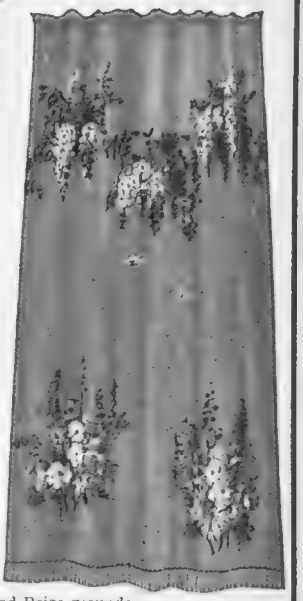

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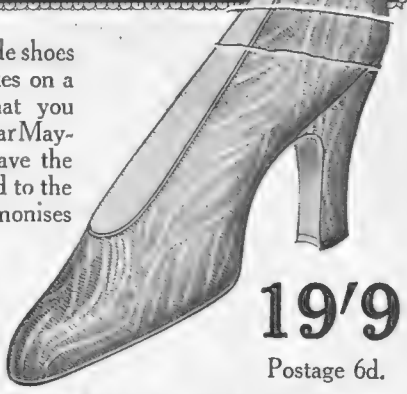

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Chicken Livers à la Supreme.
Panned Oysters.
Ragout of Duck.
Ragout of Partridge.

Macaroni Timbale with Chicken

Free from skin and bone the remains of a chicken, put through the mincing machine, moisten with some tomato sauce, and to each cupful of chicken add a beaten-up egg. Boil a ¼ lb. of macaroni for twenty minutes, drain it, and line a well-buttered mould carefully with the macaroni, fill the centre with the chicken, cover the top with macaroni, and steam for an hour. Turn out and serve with tomato sauce. Veal can be used in place of chicken.

Chicken Livers à la Supreme (in the Chafing Dish)

Have the livers (one for each person) washed, drained and quartered, have ready in another bowl one cupful of fresh mushrooms which have been peeled and cut into small pieces. Put one tablespoonful of butter in the blazer over the lamp—add the livers and let them brown, dredge over them one tablespoonful of flour, and stir until it is absorbed; then add gradually half a cupful of chicken broth, and half a cupful of cream or milk, and stir until thick. Now add the mushrooms, salt and pepper to taste, cover and simmer for ten minutes. Stir in a little lemon juice and serve.

Panned Oysters (in the Chafing Dish)

For a score of oysters put into the dish a tablespoonful of butter, a very little salt and a good sprinkling of pepper. Light the lamp, and when the butter is hot put in the oysters, cover for a moment or two, stir carefully until the oysters look plump, then put out the light, and serve them.

Ragout of Duck (in the Chafing Dish)

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of currant jelly, one of Worcestershire sauce, and two of port wine into a chafing dish; when hot, blend a little with a saltspoonful of dry mustard, the same of salt, a dash of pepper, and return all to the dish; add about 1 lb. of cold duck cut into dice or small pieces, slip the hot-water pan underneath, cover, and cook until the meat is hot through. Serve with salad.

Ragout of Partridge (Old Birds)

Brown a brace of partridges in a stewpan in either clarified dripping or butter, add a piece of bacon cut into small pieces, a little chopped onion, two cloves, two carrots chopped small, a bay leaf, and some stock; place in a casserole-dish, and cook gently for an hour and a half. Before serving add a little wine and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. EMILIA.

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Of Chemists 2/- & 3/- per bottle

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THE RENOWNED HARVEY PURE SILK HOSE, English make, with lace clox, perfect fitting, full fashioned with reinforced feet and garter hem, most reliable and thoroughly recommended for wear. In Beige, French Nude, Mushroom, Creole, Grey Rose, Woodland Rose, Mirage, Grey Lilac, Grain, Oak, Dago, Ciro, Linnet, Fawn, Pastel, Shell Pink, Opal Grey, Platinum, Nickel, Gunmetal, White or Black.

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Sunburn Satin Court Shoe of new design, smart Louis heel; also in black satin.

Price **45/-** per pair.

In brocade with satin back, **63/-** per pair.

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"GOPHER" (Regd.)

The Ideal Hat for Golfers.—Of superfine fur-felt, and completed with three neat little tucks on each side of the crown, this delightful cloche model is equally suitable for Town and Country wear. Stocked in all the newest shades.
Sizes: 6¼, 6⅞, 7, 7¼, 7½ ins. PRICE **30/-**

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Agents throughout the World.

BY APPOINTMENT

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MOSS BROS & Co LTD

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The Famous House for READY - TO - WEAR

WINTER

OVERCOATS

Best Quality Blue Nap $6\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

Also a large selection in Cheviots, Tweeds & Worsteds,

6 Gns.

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Crawford's LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

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Sunny!

See him—a picture of happiness, with the heat of the "*ESSE*" a sure protection against chills. Does he want to go to bed? Not he—it's far too comfortable here!

Dining room, sitting room, bedroom, any room—every hour of the twenty-four, the "*ESSE*" will radiate its healthy, safe and easily regulated warmth, at a mere fraction of the cost of the gas or electric stove's occasional heat and only five minutes' attention night and morning—instal one or more now and

KEEP SUMMER WARMTH THE WINTER THRO'.

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Ask your Ironmonger or Stove Dealer for a copy of the interesting book of the "*ESSE*" for anthracite, or we will post direct to you with name of the nearest "*ESSE*" dealer.

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2 MINUTES

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It isn't really difficult to get your hair as you require it—if you use ANZORA. Because ANZORA keeps the most refractory hair under control—makes it lie down all day, however great your exertions. *Refuse substitutes.*

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

PLAYER'S *"MEDIUM"* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 *for* 6P - 20 *for* 11½D

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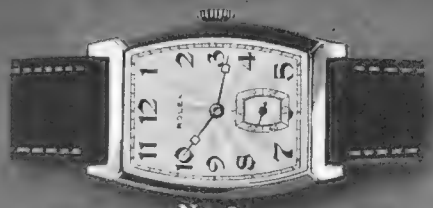

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Silver £4.10.0 9 Carat £8.10.0
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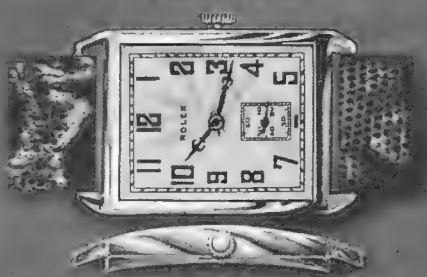

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Silver £4.10.0 9 Carat £8.10.0
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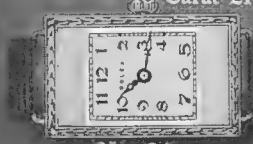

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"It reads and sounds similar, certainly. Now I see your mistake. Of course, there are similar sounding preparations that look like Glyco-Thymoline but, for the money, you cannot expect them to be so efficacious as Glyco-Thymoline.
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GLYCO-THYMOLINE

℞ The Prescription Your Physician writes

CHARMING TWO-PIECE TEA GOWN

"ROSE"

Popular Two-piece Tea Gown made in broché velvet georgette over a Japanese silk slip. The crossover sleeveless bodice surmounts the circular skirt, and the coat to match is trimmed same velvet and appliqué on back to correspond. In a good range of colours, also black.

SPECIAL PRICE **6½ Gns.**

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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PETER ROBINSON

611

Elegant Coat of fine quality Face Cloth with pointed insets in the back. The collar and cuffs are of Skunk. Lined throughout with Crêpe de Chine. In black or navy.

Sizes: S.W., W., O.S. and X.O.S.

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635

Attractive Coat of Lister's best quality Mohair Broadtail fabric, with sleeves of new design and adjustable scarf collar. Lined throughout with Crêpe de Chine. In black, fawn or beige.

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PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

"THE VARDEN."

Fine Felt pull on Hat with our new "Dolly Varden" brim. Lined silk throughout. Sizes 6¼ to 7½. Newest colours. Biscuit, Pink Beige, Beige, Buff, Dark Biege, Brick, Golden Brown, Nigger, Grey, Silver, Apple Bottle, Wine, Navy, Lido, Black. Price **30/-**

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Having no Agents or Branches, our well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

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NICOLL OVERCOAT

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Nicoll's have warm travel coats in which the wearer can generally enjoy all the air he can get.

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GNS.

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A new Evening Ensemble. Gown of Rich Brocade, and Coat of Georgette with deep hem and cuffs of Brocade. In Black with rich contrast colour,

10½ Gns.

Gown Salon: Third Floor.

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No. 40 FOR 4d. per pair

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No. 40 for **4d.** per pair is a lace of silk finish, extra strength, made in all styles for ladies' and men's boots and shoes, ordinary or invisible eyelets.

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YOU NEED HURCULACES IN YOUR BOOTS & SHOES.

Made in England and obtainable from the leading Boot Shops.

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Reindeer Felt Hat

Charmingly trimmed with ribbon to match.
Colours: Harebell, Light Cocoa, New Beige, Birch, Dove Grey, Marron, Pea Green or Black.

21/11

Head Fittings 6½, 6¾, 7.

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THE WEATHERALL BURBERRY

Weatherproof on Wet Days Warm Overcoat on Chilly

The Weatherall is a lightweight, yet all-protective, coat that fills every requirement on every occasion that calls for the use of either Weatherproof or Overcoat.

Made in materials woven from the finest wools, and proofed by Burberrys' own process, it defies heavy rain or continuous drizzle, and ensures comforting warmth by excluding cold winds.

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request the pleasure of the Company of readers of "The Bystander" and their friends, at the

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EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Many new models for Ski-ing, Skating and Luge-ing, designed in Burberrys' Snow- and Wind-proof materials, are being shown for the first time.

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The "ANDERMATT" Ski-Suit for Men

THIS style is exceedingly popular at all well-known resorts and is designed to give every protection against wind and snow, although at the same time allowing free ventilation. The trousers have easily adjustable puttee fastenings (Gamage Registered Design) and an interlining of fine rubber at the seat. Ready for Wear in a complete range of fittings. In Fawn Gabardine. The Suit

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In Navy or Fawn. Superior quality Gabardine, **105/-**

In fine quality wool Gabardine, Navy or Fawn, **147/-**

Patterns gladly sent on Request

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Winter Sports Specialists

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AN ORIGINAL THREE-PIECE

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New Stockinette Three-piece Suit with jumper and facings on coat in ring velvet.

Designed exclusively for Marshall & Snelgrove in black/white, Lido green, beaver and brown.

PRICE

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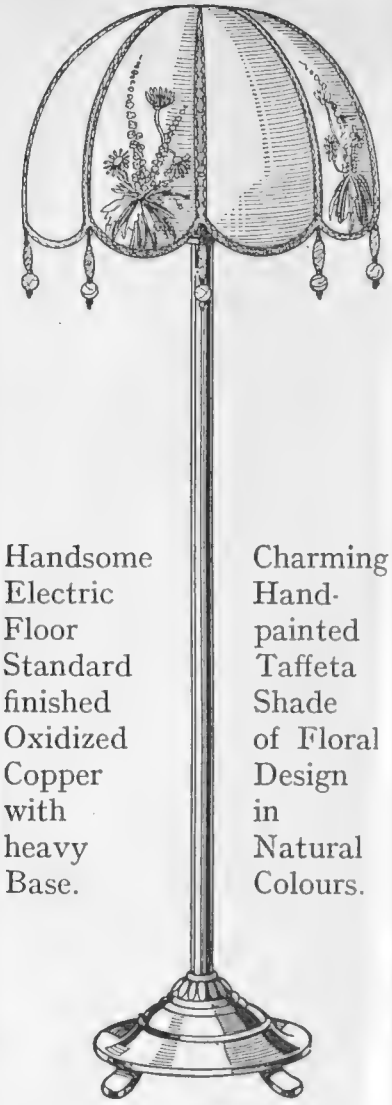

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Charming Hand-painted Taffeta Shade of Floral Design in Natural Colours.

Complete with accessories and wire,

£3 : 19 : 6

Free Delivery in extended radius.

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Of Exceptional Beauty and Charm are the Hundreds of Exquisite Designs in

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Alabaster Bowl Fittings
also in Rich Mosaic and Old English Glass and Beaten Metal.

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of beautiful Oriental Silks, also Vellum. Cosy and warm Electric Fires resembling the real English Coal Fire, and quite as cheerful.

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All being Demonstrated and fully Illuminated at

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THE BYSTANDER SPECIAL WINTER SPORTS NUMBER

NOVEMBER 7 1928

An enlarged number at the usual price of one shilling. The whole of the material from which this issue was prepared was gathered on the spot by the Editor and a special staff of writers and artists in the course of a comprehensive tour of all the chief centres for Winter Sports in Switzerland and France.

The special writers include Commander O. Locker-Lampson, Lady Mabel Lunn, Gerard de Mestral, A. A. Thomson, etc., etc.

Among the artists are H. K. Elcock, Gladys Peto, A. H. D'Egville, Helen McKie, David Wilson, Marcel Poncin, De Brule, etc., etc.

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ALL THE USUAL WEEKLY FEATURES.

USUAL PRICE – ONE SHILLING

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.
of Knightsbridge. S.W.1.

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"BIARRITZ"
NEW SPORTS
BERET HAT
that is
REALLY NEW

Ground Floor, Millinery Salon.

Very soft stitched brim which rolls up and pulls on to suit any face. In all colours and three sizes.

Price 21/-

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.
In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

'TRIDENT'
SALMON & SHRIMP
PASTE

Try 'Trident'—
it's so good.

Maconochies make it. *All Good Grocers sell it.*

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IS A REPRODUCTION BY TÉCLA

In wear, not even an expert could maintain that it was not a necklace costing 1,500 guineas, any more than he could assert that this photograph was not of a real necklace.

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The most central position in London.

LONDON'S LATEST HOTEL
CLARGES HALF MOON
CLARGES STREET, PICCADILLY, W 1.
Elegant suites, double and single rooms with running water, telephones and radiators. CAFE, DIVAN, RESTAURANT, GRILL. Choice of excellent wines. Wedding Receptions and Dinner Parties a Speciality.—S. HARWATH.
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The Leading Family Hotel. Winter terms from Five Guineas a week till March 1. E. Ferrari, Manager.

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First Class. Open all Year.

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THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OVERLOOKING GOLF AND SEA—THE SUNNIEST IN WINTER. SPECIAL WINTER TERMS.
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The Sporting Centre of the Riviera.
GOLF HOTEL
on the Links, entirely relaid in 1928. 4 Tennis — 6 Croquet Courts.
200 Rooms 100 Baths. Moderate Terms. Restaurant, Bar, Orchestra.

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Quite new and all comforts. NICE. *From Fs. . 65 a day.*
Prop. C. BORGO (ex Pavillon, Cannes, Summer Europe, Aix).

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FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3
The First Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.
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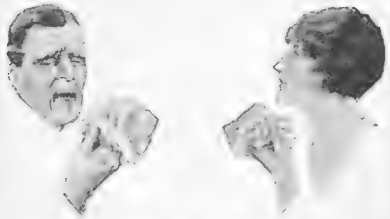
Hair Wavers
Shingled Hair



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In Sealed Cartons containing 50 for 2/-, from Chemists.
Refuse Cheap Imitations.
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"Keep those little Chimneys clean."

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Bouclette **Muffler** for sports wear, very soft and warm with striped effects at end. Size 1¾ yds. × 18 inches. Colours: Beige/Rouge/Marron, Beige/Bleu/Vert, Vert/Beige/Rouge, Marron/Beige/Bleu, Vieux Rouge/Beige/Doré, Marine/Beige/Rouge.
Price **15/9** *each.*

R.9.
Quite the newest idea in **Sports Scarf** in Bouclette art silk with 3 Tone ends. 1¾ yds. long × 18 inches. In 8 different colourings.
Price **15/9**

WOOLLANDS
STAND ALONE

Woollands are not associated with any Drapery Trust or Combine, but enjoy all the advantages of Personal Control that have made their name famous the world over for Taste, Quality, Value and Service.

Woolland Bros., Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

R.10.
Bouclette Sports **Muffler** in striped effects. Colours as R.11. Size 58 inches × 18 inches.
Price **15/9** *each.*

R.8.
Very becoming Angora Wool **Scarf**, 58 inches × 12 inches, for motoring or sports wear. Colours: Black/Wht., Black/Wht./Black, Navy/Beige/Navy, Navy/Beige/Rouge, Navy/Rouge/Beige, Brown/Beige/Brown, Silver/Bleu/Silver, Brown/Orange/Brown.
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Also 2-inch Ribbon for millinery or belts to match. *Price* **1/0½** *yard.*

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Phyllis Earle waving excels because its beauty is so becomingly natural. The rich depth of wave, the harmony of form and the youthful freedom of the setting have all the attractions of natural charm. At the Phyllis Earle Salons all the well-known waving systems are installed; and in addition to this great range of choice and superior work, there is the consideration of a strictly moderate scale of fees.

An example of the charming naturalness that pervades all waving by Phyllis Earle.

Fees:	*Whole Head*	*Half Head*	*Side Pieces*
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Well-tailored Jumper in washing crêpe de Chine shirting, particularly suitable for full figures, with adaptable collar, and vest of own material; trimmed stitching to tone; slit pockets bound rouleaux, hem to match; plain back. In ivory, shades of beige, grey, saxe and lemon. Sizes 13 to 14½ ins.

PRICE **35/9**

Size 15 ins., **39/6**

Sent on approval.

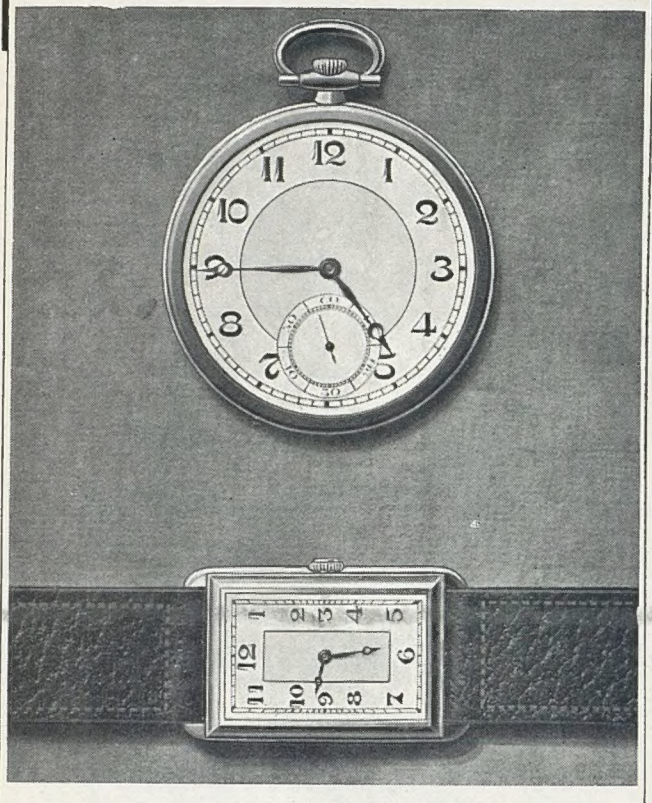
"ANDRELIA."
A NEW NOVELTY FRENCH DRESS FABRIC, made from a fine crêpe yarn on a hand loom. In a full range of autumn shades. 42 to 43 ins. wide.
Price **16/9** per yard.

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square), London, W.1.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Watches for Men.



Pocket Watch in 18ct. White and Yellow Gold Case. Thin model for dress wear £30 0 0

Wrist Watch in 18ct. Gold Case in Straps .. £18 10 0

We will send a copy of our Illustrated Catalogue upon application.

THE fashionable wrist watch of proven accuracy and precision of timekeeping under difficult conditions, has not completely supplanted the thin pocket watch for evening wear. Worn with a fob or a platinum chain these watches give just that finish which appeals to a man. They are slim, imperceptible in the pocket—and they keep perfect time. Every watch sold by us carries a guarantee for two years.

The
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GIRTH REDUCED 2 to 7 inches IMMEDIATELY

New Carew Girth Control makes you look and feel fit—reduces weight—increases energy—improves health and vigour.

EVERY man with a too-full figure or a weak abdomen or back can learn how to secure support and an IMMEDIATE abdominal reduction from 2 to 7 inches—with weight reduction—*without effort, dieting, medicine or exercise*—by reading a remarkable illustrated book on GIRTH CONTROL (sent FREE on request).

It tells how to relieve the strain on the vital organs—restore poise and balance to an unbalanced figure—remove burdensome excess of fat round waist-line—how to look and feel years younger—and how to restore the HEALTH, ENERGY and SPIRITS naturally.

SEE CONTENTS OF FREE BOOK:

—YOUR FIGURE and your FITNESS.
—THE WEAKEST PART of your Body.
—LIFE and HEALTH DANGERS of an Enlarged Stomach.
—BEWARE of the fat-forming habit.
—PHYSICAL TRAINING *without* STRAINING.
—How to AVOID RUPTURE.
—YOUR POISE and POWER.
—NATURAL RE-POSITIONING of the VITAL ORGANS and ENORMOUS HEALTH BENEFITS that follow.

CORRECTS HEALTH-INJURING EFFECTS.

Many health-injuring effects created and maintained by an enlarged abdomen that "Carew Girth Control" is recommended by the Medical Profession to correct effectively are:—

—SHORTNESS of BREATH.
—HEART PALPITATIONS and STRAIN.
—TIRING too QUICKLY.
—DISINCLINATION for EFFORT.
—DIGESTIVE SLUGGISHNESS.
—INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, ACIDITY.
—FLATULENCE and CONSTIPATION.
—RUPTURE RISKS.
—BRAIN FAG, NERVE WEAKNESS.

HIGHLY appreciative letters are received from wearers of the "Carew." H. W. writes: "I was persuaded to give a full trial to the Carew, and the result is literally astounding. The support and feeling of security which the Carew affords its wearer must be a real boon to many whose livelihood depends upon their activity, while its invigorating effect is simply rejuvenating."

WHETHER you are weak or strong—just commencing to get too much flesh, or are already overburdened at the waist-line—you are welcome to a copy of the illustrated "Carew Book of Girth Control" but send for it without delay.

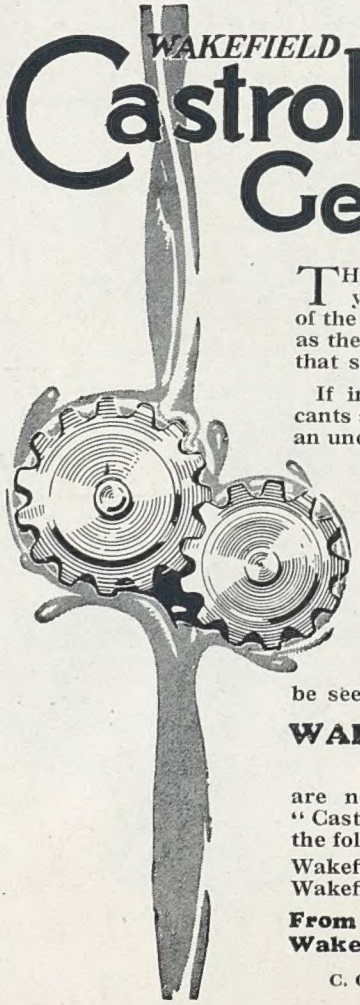
Write for FREE BOOK.

This shows the immediate figure improvement.

A postcard or letter to CAREW (B.B.), REMO HOUSE, 310 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1, will bring this book to you free.

(Telephone: Langham 4335).

WAKEFIELD
Castrol Gear Oils



THE gear box and rear axle of your car demand a lubricant of the same irreproachable quality as the Wakefield CASTROL grade that serves your engine.

If inferior or unsuitable lubricants are used in the transmission, an undue proportion of the power of the engine will be lost on its way to the rear wheels, and worn and noisy gears will result.

Ensure efficiency throughout your car therefore by using in each unit the CASTROL Grade recommended on the Wakefield Chart to be seen at all Garages.

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From Engine to Rear Axle use Wakefield Castrol throughout!

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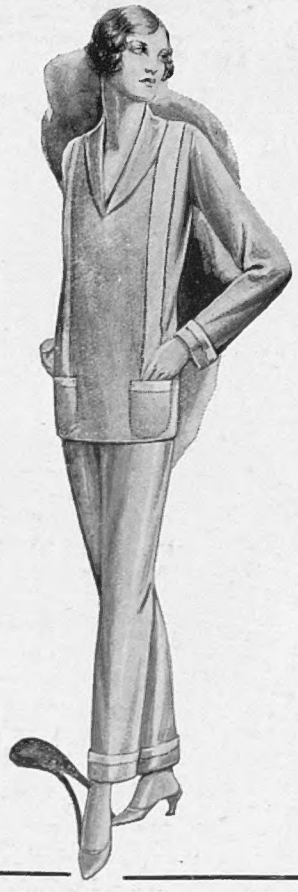

Pyjama Suit *in wool nunsveiling, Tailored Jumper with roll collar and long sleeves trimmed wide hemstitched stripe of contrasting shade, pockets, cuffs and trousers edged fold to match. In Pink, Ivory, Blue, and Mauve.*

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Also in washing Satin Beauté. In Scarlet, Black, Gold, Lime Green, Pervenche, Rose and Cyclamen.

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Charming Slip, with knickers to match, in good quality washing crepe satin; slip finished with petal edging at foot, and hand embroidered design, bodice to match. In ivory and new shades of beige, pink, peach, brown, green, wine, and other colours. Lengths from shoulder, 37 to 43 ins.

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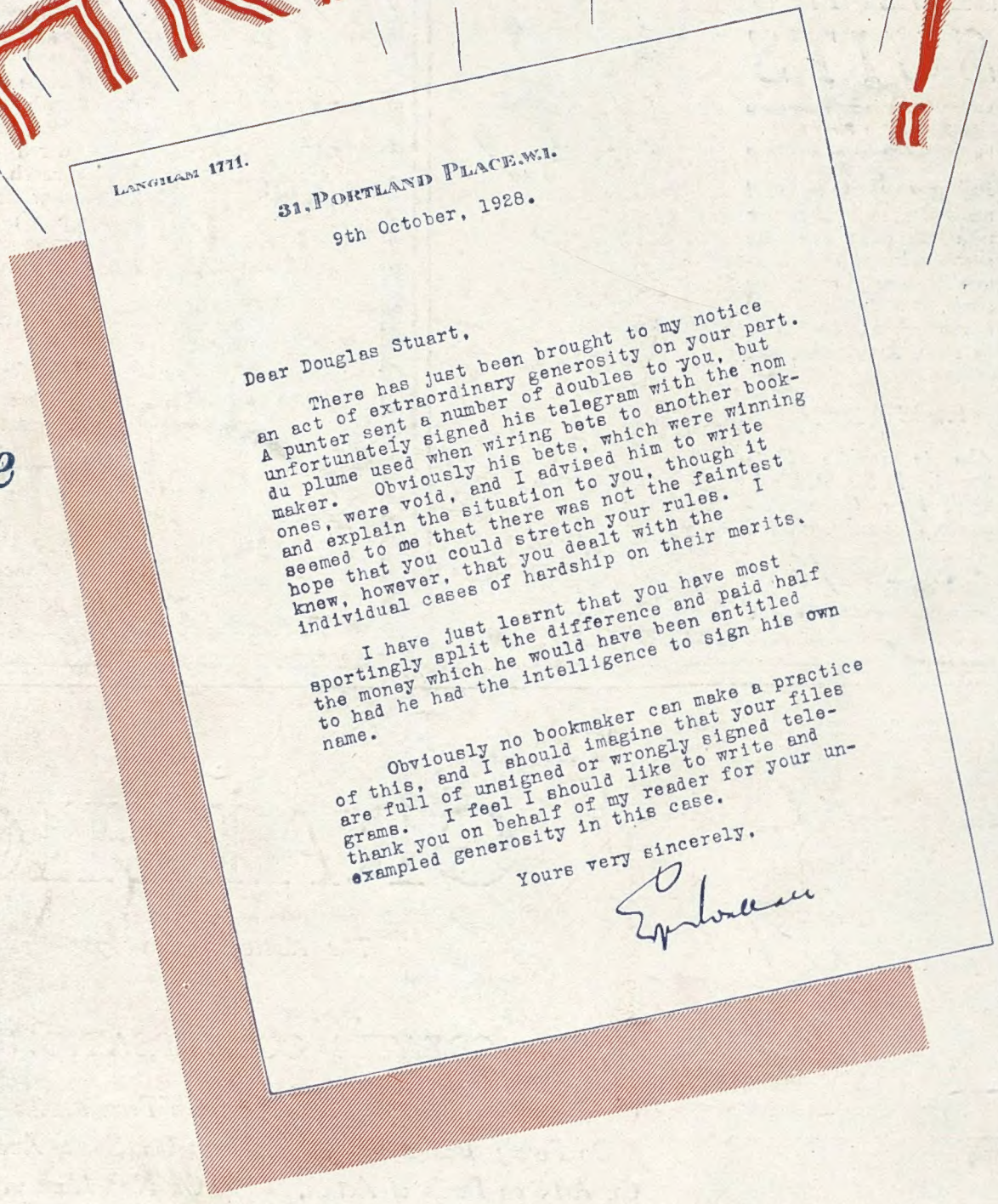

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